

April, 1940

The Liguorian



How to Love a Neighbor

C. D. McEnniry

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Analysis of Contraception

D. F. Miller

•

Brother Andrew and the Devil

E. F. Miller

•

Harvester at Work

C. Duhart

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The Liguorian

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CONTENTS

Articles

	PAGE
HOW TO LOVE A NEIGHBOR C. D. McENNERY	195
ON PRIESTS AND TRAMPS E. F. MILLER	201
EDUCATION THAT FAILS H. WADE	207
ANALYSIS OF CONTRACEPTION D. F. MILLER	213
CATHOLIC TRADE UNIONISTS J. SCHAEFER	227
HARVESTER AT WORK C. DUHART	232

Stories and Biography

BROTHER ANDREW AND THE DEVIL E. F. MILLER	219
ON SEVERAL WAYS OF CONFESSING F. A. RYAN	212
G. K. CHESTERTON (III) A. T. ZELLER	239

Miscellaneous

PRAYER TO THOMAS (Verse) D. F. MILLER	194
THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN L. F. HYLAND	200
THREE MINUTE INSTRUCTION D. F. MILLER	218
QUESTION OF THE MONTH L. M. MERRILL	226
MOMENTS AT MASS F. A. BRUNNER	238

Departments

CATHOLIC ANECDOTES	244
POINTED PARAGRAPHS	246
LIGUORIANA	250
BOOK REVIEWS	252
CATHOLIC COMMENT	254
LUCID INTERVALS	256

PRAYER TO THOMAS

The imprint of the nails your finger sought
Your hand explored the red wound in His side —
You doubted, Thomas, you whose soul He'd taught
To trust Him even though He died!

You doubted, you who watched the dead arise
Upon His call, who saw the bread He blessed
Grow more within your hands, who heard the cries
Of lepers whom his healing hands caressed!

And for your doubt He cast you not apart
With Judas and the thief who cursed and died —
He took you back into His loving heart,
He let your trembling hand explore His side!

And I — I shall not stand with those who say:
Thou fool! to you whose faith so sadly failed
Enough you suffered when, that awful day,
His open wounds your foolish doubt assailed.

I only ask, not seeing e'en His face,
Not having Him beside me as I plod —
I still may only share with you the grace
Of one great act of faith: "My Lord and God!"

— D. F. Miller.

FATHER TIM CASEY

HOW TO LOVE A NEIGHBOR

C. D. McENNIRY

THE symposium around Monogue's kitchen stove did not terminate with Father Casey's decision. He had subscribed to Uncle Dan's contention that William was bound under pain of mortal sin to pass the time of day with Larry Duggan, his fellow worker in the power house, and William had registered a heroic resolution to do his best. Then the priest made a tactical blunder. While he should have left well enough alone, he went on to quote a Scripture text in order to clinch the argument — and merely started another.

This was the text: "Jesus said to him: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole soul and with thy whole mind. This is the greatest and the first commandment. And the second is like to this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments dependeth the whole law and the prophets."

Terence at once proposed a difficulty. "The holy Bible is the wur-*rd* of God, and we takes it as we finds it, like honest Christians. But nonetheless — manin' no irrivirence, you undherstan' — nonetheless that wan bates me."

"What do you mean, Terence?"

"Love thy naybur as thyself. Every man alive is my naybor. But how can I, frinstance, love a black naygur in Beelukystan, whom I've never had sight nor sign of, as much as I love myself? I know myself, but I don't know him. How can I love him as I love myself?"

"To my way of thinkin', them that doesn't know *you*, Terence, would find it far aisier for to love you than them that does."

William was just trying to have his little joke at the expense of his victorious antagonist, and so they paid no attention to him.

"I have had that same worriment myself," Uncle Dan declared.

"That," the priest reminded them, "is because you are putting words into Our Lord's command which are not there. He did not say: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as much as thyself. He said: Thou shalt love thy neighbor *as thyself*."

"If it does not mane as much as thyself, thin what does it mane?"

THE LIGUORIAN

"It means you must love your neighbor in the same way, from the same motive, as you love yourself."

"And what might that be, Yer Reverence?"

"In God. In God and for God. He says you must love God with your whole heart. If you love God with your *whole* heart, you cannot love yourself except in God and for God, otherwise you would be loving God with a part of your heart only and loving yourself with the other part. In God and for God: that is the way you must love yourself; that is the way you must love your neighbor. Thus will you be loving your neighbor as yourself."

"**I** UNDHERSTAN' the wur-rds, Yer Reverence, but I am not clear in me mind as to the application. If, frinstance, I loves to be tellin' me bades, I suppose I am loving myself for God and in God. But if I loves to sit out on the porch in the cool of the evening smoking me pipe and watching the childhre playing in the street and the sweet-hearts going by, I suppose I am loving myself for myself and the comfort I gets out of it."

"Terence, my boy, your Father in heaven is a kind and considerate Father towards His poor weak children. He understands their needs, and He wills that they should work at the right time and pray at the right time and rest and enjoy themselves at the right time. If you do all these things and do them in lawful measure and do them cheerfully and thankfully because He wills it, then you are loving God with your whole heart and loving yourself in God and for God. Doing the will of God is the most reliable proof of the love of God."

"I see that plainly now, as far as myself is consarned, and fair and raysonable it is indeed. But how it applies to the black naygur in Beelukystan is still beyant me."

"Exactly the same rule holds for your neighbor as for yourself: the will of God. It matters not whether that neighbor is a negro of Baluchistan or a sick friend next door. If you do what God wills — or what you honestly believe God wills — that you should do for them, you are loving them in God and for God. As regards the sick friend, God wills that you should visit and console him, and, if he has been laid up for so long that the coal pile is getting low and the cupboard is empty, that you should use whatever means are within your power to replenish them. As for the unknown savage, God wills simply that you

THE LIGUORIAN

should include him and all God's children in your good wishes and prayers. You say: Father, *our* Father, give *us* this day our daily bread, forgive *us* our trespasses, deliver *us* from evil. You mean all of us, without excluding anybody, known or unknown, and so you are loving your neighbor as yourself."

"Look at that now, Father Tim. Shure and isn't it the comfortin' doctrine intirely!" said William. "Why, by the same token, a body could love — what, till this blessed minnit, I considhered impossible — a body could love an Orangeman. For who, that's a Christian at all, but would want even an Orangeman to have his daily bit and sup and the forgiveness of his sins — pervidin' he is ever sorry for them!"

"And avoid shying bricks at him on King Billy's Day. Mind ye raymimber that too, Willum," Uncle Dan cautioned him.

"And why not a bit of a brick — if it's God's will? Shure the Our Father says nothing about bricks."

"William, do you mean to become blasphemous?" Father Casey demanded severely.

"God betune us and all har-rm, Yer Reverence, nothing was furder from my mind. But wasn't it yourself that tould us in wan of your grand, foine sermons that it is not agin the law of God to sthrike out in self-dayfince?"

"Lawful self-defence consists in staying at home and minding your own business during the Orangemen's parade."

"Stayin' at home, is it? Shure you are joking with us, Father Tim. A Catholic hiding in his house, like a craven coward, while the inimies of our holy faith are outragin' the Pope!"

"A true follower of the Pope will lead these misguided men to respect the Pope by covering them with the mantle of Christian charity — not by hurling missiles at them."

THEN Uncle Dan gave them the benefit of his excogitations.

"Judging from your explanation, Father Tim, "anny man that undhertakes to practise Christian charity, shoulders a mighty big job. It means doing what God wills me to do toward myself and towards every wan else — towards my wife (though, thank God, I have none) and my hired hand, towards the naybur next door and the polisman on the beat and the lad that spread scandal about me and the boss that I'm wor-rkin' for, towards the prisident and the pastor and the bootblack and the

THE LIGUORIAN

beggar. If we practised Christian charity, all our problems would be solved overnight, be they social or rayshul, aconomic or international, at all."

"True tor you Uncle Dan. Saint John said the very same thing nineteen hundred years ago."

"Look at that! And did he, now? The dear Saint that laid his head on the bosom of our Blessed Lord at the Last Supper."

"You know," the priest replied, "he lived long after all the other Apostles had been martyred. Though he was worn and feeble, the Christians always clamored for a few words from the holy old man who had actually seen Christ, who had followed Him all through His public life and stood beside Him at the crucifixion. So the clergy would carry him out to the pulpit every Sunday, and he would simply say: 'Little children, love one another.' 'But why, Father,' they asked him at last, 'do you always say the same thing — just that and nothing else?' 'Because,' he answered, 'it is the Lord's commandment. Keep that, and it is enough.' "

"It is indeed enough," Uncle Dan reflected, "enough to change the face of the airth. And only we'd practise Christian charity, shure we'd all be living together in one big family happy and contint."

"That is why Our Lord, who came into this world to make us happy, gave us this commandment. He urged and pleaded and begged for this virtue in season and out of season, as nobody was better able to testify than St. John. He brought it into almost every sermon He preached. He made it the theme of that touching discourse He left us the night before He died: 'I have given you a new commandment, I have given you *My* commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you.' "

"And your explanation," Terence added, "has cleared up in my mind the question that has been throubling me for years — how I could love my naybur as much as meself. But shure, sez you, Our Blessed Lord didn't mane that at all."

"On the contrary He wants you to love yourself *more* than anybody else, that is, in God and for God. In other words, it is His will that you give always and everywhere your principle attention to your own soul. That is the job He has given *you* to do. That is the stewardship for which He will hold *you* responsible. Hence you are never permitted to commit the least sin, or even put yourself in the probable danger of

THE LIGUORIAN

committing sin, on the pretext of helping somebody else. Saving your own soul is the most efficacious way of helping the soul of your neighbor," said Father Casey.

Thumbing the Record

There are some misguided Christians, bearing the name Catholic, who love to nourish bright thoughts like this: "Why must my parish be forever demanding money? Where does the money go? The church and school are paid for; the priests are well clothed and fed; the collection basket is forever echoing with the clink of coins. It's beyond me, etc., etc." And dropping his or her penny into the box he or she returns piously to his or her prayers.

To such earnest seekers after truth, we submit the following figures. They constitute the income and the output of an ordinary city parish in the Southwest, in which parish the donations are a bit above the average. The church, school, and rectory are all free from debt.

Income each month:

\$ 574 — offertory collection
570 — envelope collection

\$1144

Expenditures each month:

\$100 — pastor's salary
100 — church janitor's salary
175 — organist's salary
37 — 1st assistant's salary
37 — 2nd assistant's salary
75 — school janitor's salary
60 — secretary's salary
50 — housekeepers' salary
250 — sisters' salary (11)
100 — light, gas, water

\$984

\$1144 minus \$984 leaves \$160.

And with \$160 the coal bill, the diocesan tax, Peter's Pence must be paid; a free school, grade and high, must be run; the athletic program must be carried out; special helpers and missionaries must be salaried, etc., etc.

After looking over this, let the holy searcher lift her or his eyes above for a moment to column No. 2, and note especially: pastor \$100; assistant \$37.

13 years is a long time to study for a return of \$37 a month!

THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

L. F. HYLAND

A famous English writer has expressed himself recently as being of the opinion that there is danger lest Catholics make too much of physical suffering as an end in itself; that they are almost inclined to seek it or cause it; that they look upon good health as but a dubious blessing. From what experiences he draws such opinions it is hard to imagine.

For the benefit of every shut-in, we have only to reaffirm the principles regarding physical pain to show that there is no room in Catholic theology for the worship of disease or pain in any form. It is the natural law that every one is bound to use prudent measures to preserve health of body; that when one is stricken with illness, he is bound to use every available means for the restoration of health. Furthermore, Christ by His example taught that one may even ask for a miracle to bring back his health, and throughout the history of Christianity He has often used His divine power, through the intercession of His mother and the saints, to raise up the stricken and diseased when human remedies could do nothing. And the Church, by the support she has invariably given to medical science and progress, has never lost sight of the truth that the fifth commandment not only forbids suicide, but condemns even negligence in the care of one's health.

This means that it is virtuous for the shut-in to hope for recovery, to pray for recovery, and to use prudent means to realize recovery. At the same time it is necessary to be resigned to God's will, and in that resignation to see the fruits that can be garnered by suffering. Christ redeemed the world by physical suffering and death, and has visibly shown that the sufferings of others, which cannot be ended by human skill, and which God sees fit not to terminate by miracle, are often a source of redemption and salvation to others. Thus the shut-in knows that he is suffering, not because good health is an undesirable thing, but because God in His Providence has foreseen that some great good shall result from the suffering He has permitted. In that lies the whole secret of peace and even joy for those who have been denied the blessing of health.

ON PRIESTS AND TRAMPS

A little insight into one of the sideline activities of most priests—listening to interesting stories and giving handouts to sundry specimens of depressed humanity.

E. F. MILLER

THREE is a close affinity between priests and tramps. We use the word tramps in the wide sense, meaning all those who live by the nimbleness of their wits and the ability they possess to tell a story and act a scene. Between such and priests a bond has been struck the likes of which cannot be found in any of the other professions. The bond, it is true, is mostly one-sided, favoring the tramp more than it does the priest. But that makes no difference. The fact remains—the bond exists.

Be a priest ever so lowly—short and fat, or tall and bald, or homely and of foreign extraction, the band placed backwards around his neck always gives him away as fair game for fortune seekers, even though the fortune sought be no more than a dollar or a dime. The Roman collar is the sign of easy pickings. We have often wondered if ministers are so handsomely set apart, so adoringly followed by the troops of the jungle, so unconsciously flattered as members of a uniquely generous race. Most likely not, for most ministers have families to support. They cannot be casting gold pieces to the proletariat, and remain in the good graces of her whom they have promised to serve till death do them part. And ministers for the most part do not live next to their churches. They have taken a home in another section of the city, and the tramp would not know where to go, were he in the mood to seek them out for a modest loan.

This love that the tramp bears for the priest is not because the tramp looks upon the priest as a rich man. If riches were the come-on signal for those seeking a bit of spare change to tide them over a crisis, it is strange that the backdoors of west-end mansions are so completely free from knights of the road. You have to credit the tramp with a deal of perspicacity. He knows that the more a man gets in the way of worldly goods, the less he is inclined to give away. The rich man will say that that is his method of remaining rich—by not giving away his hard-earned wealth. Thus to tell a story to a member of the purple and fine

THE LIGUORIAN

linen class about a sick brother in Oskaloosa, and about the personal need of a little carfare to be at his dying side, and to expect to get away with it, would be about as sensible as telling the same tall story to the nearest tree and to expect the tree to shake down dollar bills instead of leaves in a sudden fit of inexplicable generosity. As a rule the rich man is the least generous of all; and the tramp, bless him, knows it. At any rate the fact of the matter is, the priest is not a rich man, and the tramp knows that too.

IT MAY be that the priest is gullible. His training, spent in simple surroundings in the seminary, and accompanied by watchful vigilance, and passed with men, the best that the race can produce, almost of its nature produces gullibility. A person (to most seminarians) is good until he proves himself bad. After ordination the confessional strengthens this attitude. So much is heard of sin and sorrow that it is hard to be harsh to anyone no matter how enormous his crimes. The good priest schools himself to patience and sympathy. The world's pain becomes his own. Besides, the priestly profession demands that he be on the side of the downtrodden and the outcast. Mary Magdalen was an outcast. The Lord's kindness to her is the example for the priest. Thus it is that he is inclined to give people the benefit of the doubt when they relate a sad story and tell of a pressing need. The tramp knows this too.

And that is why they, the footloose brethren, make a bee line for the nearest cross-topped steeple when they alight from the box-car on arrival in a strange city. They do not direct their carefree steps to the steeple in order to go to confession within its shade, though there are some who are not stopped by confession if that is the road to the pot of gold.

There was one middle aged woman who got into the habit of adorning herself in the religious garb of a Sister, and then of approaching the various innocent souls of a city where she was stopping, and begging for a donation in pious tones for an orphanage or a hospital down in Mexico or up in Nova Scotia — some place far away. She was doing right well in her "share the wealth" project, making more than a living wage especially amongst the poor, when one day she had the misfortune of making a fatal slip. Success is often that way — making people careless of the way they act and speak. She let drop an expression or a

THE LIGUORIAN

gesture that gave strong suspicion of her religious affiliations, in fact, of her ever having been a Sister at all even amongst the Anglicans. The priest in whose parish she was at the time called up a detective of his acquaintance to make an investigation.

When the good woman heard of this, she hastened to fall upon her knees, desiring to go to confession. But the priest was cagey; he had been taken in, perhaps, the day before, and still smarted under the blow. He raised the kneeling woman to her feet, and told her that after the matter of his just doubts had been settled, then he would be glad to accommodate her in any way he could. To himself he added that he would not be the victim of this game, allowing the lady in question to close his lips by the seal of confession in order that she might make good her escape, and he helpless to prevent it. The investigation was carried out, and the "goods" found. As she was being carried out by the detective, her words proved quite conclusively that she had no desire to go to confession. Or for that matter ever to have anything to do with priests again. Whether the priest in question pleaded for her release, we do not know. But we believe her activity came to an end.

TRAMPS who prey on priests generally divide themselves into three groups. There is first of all the *street tramp*, the one whose point of call is in the neighborhood of railroad depots, post offices, and the cheaper sections of large cities. He can be distinguished by a potted nose, a vein-streaked, scraggy face, and clothes approaching the color of street dust. It is even possible that the shoes on his feet are both for the right foot. He lurks in the shadows till the victim comes apace, then he sidles out with a shuffling gait, and remaining about a half foot to the rear, begins his routine. "Father," he says reverently, "could you help a poor fellow with a dime to get a bed against the night. I'm a stranger in town, can't find work — and am just up against it. I knew Father Scallon years ago down at old St. John's. In fact, made my first Communion there." And so the tale unwinds. If the priest is a fast walker he may escape, though very often this dodge does not work. The tramp is a fast walker too, and will keep up even with the best.

If the pocket is dug into and the dime uncovered, the tramp will wait (we believe this is often the case — an accepted practice) until the cloth has removed itself from sight; then as the crow flies, he will make for the nearest hole in the wall and sink his dime into a jigger of rat

THE LIGUORIAN

poison calculated to iron the wrinkles out of a torpedoed battleship. In view of this it is advisable to take the story of the street tramp with a grain of salt, and in a few well chosen words tell him to be off or suffer the consequences of his persistence at the hands of the police. Hard words these, but said for the good of both victim and victimized.

THE second group comprises those who might be called *backdoor tramps*. In appearance they are not an improvement on their brothers of the street. Sometimes they come right out and ask for a meal, because they know that a meal is the easiest thing to obtain at most any rectory. The inconvenience of eating it in the woodshed or under a tree is discounted under the heading of the old proverb that beggars can't be choosers. Or they may ask in humble tones for carfare to the relief agency downtown. Or they may even go to the extent of offering their services to tidy up around the yard for a little higher consideration. If the consideration is given ahead of time, and a lawnmower put in the man's hands for the trimming of the grass, possibly two or three streaks may be made, then quietly the laborer disappears. He has his penny and he is out to receive his reward. Very seldom will such a one carry off the lawnmower with him. Tramps are honest that way. They cannot stand to be burdened or encumbered in any way.

THE third group, consisting of the *frontdoor tramp*, or better known as the *gentleman tramp*, is the glory of the trade. Dressed in impeccable clothes, with shoes shined and face shaved, he will ring the front doorbell, and ask for the Reverend Pastor, generally giving the cleric his rightful name. When the pastor appears and leads him into the parlor, the play opens.

We remember one such master of his art who appeared on the scene on a Friday afternoon. After discussing innocent subjects for a space of ten minutes, he came to the point. He said that he was a man of property down south, but since he had never married, and had no reason for clinging to his wealth, he had decided to give it over to the church. All he asked in return was that Father should find for him a room in some humble home where he could spend his declining years in prayer and peace, untroubled by the rushing footfalls of a materialistic-minded humanity and the poisoned breath of an abandoned world. He had documents to prove that he was actually a man of wealth. At the

THE LIGUORIAN

moment, unfortunately, he had not succeeded in turning his possessions into liquid assets, but in a few days he expected a happy consummation of the affair. A room was found for him and Father had rosy visions of a refrescoed church and a new wing on the school.

Came Sunday morning. Just before dinner the visitor called at the rectory and said that he was most embarrassed, that he had a few matters to settle — urgent matters they were, but that he had forgotten to cash a check the day before at the bank. On Sundays, of course, the banks were closed. It was only the trifling sum of fifty dollars that he needed. Would Father be so kind as to oblige him? He would give his check as security. Father obliged him. That was the last he saw of his generous-hearted friend. The check bounced like a rubber ball.

This is but one sample of the front door tramp. There are countless others: the man who tells the story of the murder he committed back home, defending his old mother against an armed robbery. It really was not murder, but only self-defense. But his enemies had made murder out of it, and he had to flee the city or go to the electric chair. Now, after a year's exile, he has worked out his case so that it is solid, and he can prove his innocence and come back to the position where he can look every man straight in the eye once more. All he needs is the money necessary to carry him back home. Usually it amounts to about twenty-five or thirty dollars. When he begins talking about his old mother, he breaks down and sheds real tears. The tears are the arguments that make his story sound true. And few are the priests who can resist. Then there is the man who has suffered reverses, who was once a respectable business man with a home of his own and a family to be proud of. But the depression took all the buoyancy out of his balloon. In the priest's parlor he carries out an act that would do credit to any of the great tragedians. He jumps to his feet and threatens to commit suicide. His despair is truly terrible to see. But it is quickly dissipated and so is he when he receives a sum with which to make a new start. His new start is to visit another priest, perhaps, and go through the same song and dance.

WE DO not think it a bad sign that so many priests and so frequently are taken in by these three famous groups. It is a definite indication of their simplicity. And as long as the priests remain simple (in the correct sense of the word) we need have little to fear for them

THE LIGUORIAN

And every time they give, they are practicing charity, even though what they give might just as well have been thrown down the sink as far as helping the deserving is concerned. Once upon a time St. Philip Neri was criticized sharply by his confreres for too great a generosity towards those who came to the house for a donation. He listened to their words for a time; then he stopped them gently and said: "When I give a ducat away, I am not giving it to someone who does not need it, but I am giving it away to Christ." Thus the priests of America are in spirit feeding, clothing, and giving drink to Christ. The Bible tells us what will be said to them when they stand before the Master to be judged.

"Jumping the Gun"

If we were a philosopher, we would attempt to give an explanation of the strange American habit of "jumping the gun" on every conceivable occasion. We are not a philosopher, so we will content ourselves with a statement of the facts.

Magazines are put on the stands almost a month ahead of the month for which they are printed.

Newspapers are in the hands of the newsboys the day before the day on which they are supposed to appear. Morning papers, the night before; afternoon papers, the morning before; night papers, the afternoon before.

Automobiles for 1940 are on the streets almost before 1939 is half under way.

Clocks are set ahead in summer time to steal an hour from the sun. The deception is called "Daylight Saving Time." Wheat and other commodities that come from the soil are stored away in granaries, sold, bought, and consumed before they are actually grown in the fields.

We might make some suggestions in this regard concerning other matters that might be pushed ahead. We are surprised that so far they have not been thought of.

Sunday Mass could be said on Saturday. It could be called Sunday Mass, but still celebrated on Saturday. Eventually it could be pushed ahead to Friday.

The salaries of working men could be paid before they begin their work. (Try that one!)

Every man, woman, and child could be operated on for the removal of damageable organs before they ever felt a pain. The liver, the appendix, one kidney, could be taken out, and one lung collapsed. A leg apiece could be amputated lest gangrene ever set in.

DIALOGUE

EDUCATION THAT FAILS

H. F. WADE

Time: *Sunday afternoon, five-thirty.*

Scene: *Student room of Henry O'Day and Mike O'Malley. Mike switches off the radio, to which he was listening very attentively, as Henry enters.*

Mike: Say, Henry, did you hear that talk by Father Juniper about the State Universities?

Henry: Yeh, on the way home in the car.

Mike: Wheu! What did you think of it?

Henry: Pretty hot stuff.

Mike: It sounded exaggerated to me. The State U's can't be that bad.

Henry: It all depends on the facts, partner. Father Juniper would not have said those things had he not first-hand information. Priests have a way of learning more about things of that nature than we.

Mike: Yes, but, Great Jehosaphat! It sounded like he implied that most of our State Universities are dens of iniquity.

Henry: Some of them are, if you ask me.

Mike: Aw, I wouldn't say that. I know some mighty fine chaps and not a few delightfully interesting young ladies who go to the State U in this town. They're "darn" nice, and, if I might add, a whole lot better than some of the boys and girls who go to our Catholic U.

Henry: I shouldn't doubt that at all.

Mike: Then, why should Father Juniper condemn the State U's like he did today? They can't be as bad as all that.

Henry: I think you missed the point in his talk.

Mike: Yeh, I guess I did. Well, go on, don't hold me in suspense. What was it all about?

Henry: Mainly, a talk on principles.

Mike: Principles?

Henry: Yes. First principles. Everyone's life is guided by principles.

Mike: Well, I'll be "danged"! Continue.

THE LIGUORIAN

Henry: Principles are moral truths by which we guide our life. For instance: "There is a God." That's a first principle. "We must do good and avoid evil." That's another. Now, if we hold these principles as iron-clad, indestructible truths, naturally, they will be an influence upon our whole moral life. Everything we do will be guided by these principles. Get it?

Mike: Light is peeping through, but, don't stop. Go on.

Henry: Whether any person knows the meaning of the word principle or not, his or her life is guided by principles. It's the way we are constituted. Some principles are good, others are bad, hurtful, and destructive. The aforementioned principles: "There is a God," "We must do good and avoid evil," are good ones. "There is no God," "God is a fabrication of time-worn superstition," "there is no such thing as evil," "religion is an opium of the people," "self-repression, self restraint is harmful," — all of these are bad so-called principles. Good principles will lead a man to ultimate perfection and happiness. Bad principles will drag him down to his own destruction.

Mike: How do you figure?

Henry: Logically. If I believe there is a God, I'll act that way. If I believe there is no God, I'll act that way.

Mike: What way do you mean?

Henry: Well, if I believe there is a God, a Supreme Being who created me, naturally, I am answerable to Him in some way, am I not?

Mike: Seems logical.

Henry: Okay. There are certain things, therefore, that I am permitted to do in this life. Others I am not permitted to do.

Mike: Obey and disobey the ten commandments, right?

Henry: Exactly.

Mike: I knew I could get something right.

Henry: If I obey His law — the ten commandments, He will be pleased with me. If I break or disobey the ten commandments, He will be displeased with me and most probably punish me.

Mike: Sounds good to me.

Henry: But, if I don't believe in God what are the results?

Mike: Holy mackerel!

Henry: Holy mackerel! correct. Mortification, sacrifice, charity, restraint, consideration for others, real love, patience, forbearance, self-

THE LIGUORIAN

control, purity, are all poppy-cock! If I believe there is no God, then, I must believe that I am no better than an animal.

Mike: Hence you may live like one.

Henry: Correct, again, my boy. You are mentally improving.

Mike: Si, Si, Si, muchas gracias! But what's all that got to do with Father Juniper's tirade against the State Universities?

Henry: First of all, Sonny boy, let's get this straight. There may be some State Universities that are okay. There may be many, many students attending them who are just the finest chaps and girls you can find any place in the world, — yes, even better than some that you can find in our Catholic Universities. Understand?

Mike: I'm following.

Henry: But —

Mike: Yes, by all means get on with that disjunctive. I'm anxious.

Henry: But, Father Juniper was not condemning this. He was condemning that tendency of the State U's which is dangerously atheistic, materialistic, communistic, naturalistic, and extremely, dangerously, subversive of moral character, the moral uprightness of all who study under the system.

Mike: You're taking an awful lot for granted, aren't you?

Henry: No. I'm taking nothing for granted. Religion in a State U is a tabooed article. It prides itself in being liberal and non-sectarian. What's the result? Any professor is allowed to inundate his lectures with any crazy, hair-brained idea that possesses his distorted mind. Do you doubt this?

Mike: Nope, I heard and read too much about some of these professors' crazy ideas. But what's to prevent supervision over hay-wire professors like that?

Henry: Nothing to prevent it, save, perhaps, their flaunted maintenance of liberalism. But the fact is: there is no supervision. And if there were a general demand for it, HOW and BY WHOM would it be enforced? Remember by origin these State U's are non-sectarian and so-called liberal. Licensed to teach what they "darn" please is a better explanation for it.

Mike: I guess you're right.

Henry: This is what Father Juniper condemned. He has seen, as many priests have had the sad privilege to see, is seeing and foresees the ruin of innumerable immortal souls by this system. Boys and girls go

THE LIGUORIAN

to these State Universities. They are usually in their teens and early twenties — the most dangerous years of life. Perhaps they go to these Universities with high ideals, deeply imbedded knowledge of the difference between right and wrong. Perhaps some were born and raised good Catholics. They sit at the feet of these men of learning, whom these boys and girls in their yet undeveloped minds presume to be well-informed experts in their respective branches of knowledge. They presume that they are truthful, sincere, and genuine. They listen attentively. They note down every new phase of knowledge. Perhaps, at times, these boys and girls are stunned, surprised, shocked. The professor, an experienced teacher, marks the disturbance, and smooths it away. He explains that it is but the process of education, the process of becoming better informed. Some of the boys and girls may object. But day after day, these inexperienced children sit at the feet of this professor. He always has the floor. He does all the talking. He is a clever talker. He attacks old truths, gives superficial reasons to destroy them. These boys and girls, untutored in logic, miss the shallowness of the reason. He makes it sound good. He states new things — shocking things, his own convictions and with a glib, fluent tongue makes them sound plausible.

Mike: For instance, Henry, what are some of these shocking statements?

Henry: God is but a fabrication of the mind. Religion is but an antiquated superstition of our forefathers. Self-repression is hurtful. The voice of conscience is but a reaction of fear from long, ingrained conventional habit.

Mike: Gee, if those things were true —

Henry: That's exactly what sad, dreadful facts have proven to everybody. These boys and girls are made presently to think: What if these things are true, what are the results?

Mike: It's easy to follow on from there.

Henry: These boys and girls begin to get doubts. Day after day, day after day, they are listening, again and again, to the smooth flow of language of this same professor. As time goes on, the students get to know him better, and, perhaps, learn to like him personally. He begins to sound more and more convincing. . . And then the real test comes.

Mike: Examinations?

Henry: More than that. Indefinitely more. An occasion of tempta-

THE LIGUORIAN

tion arises. The old ironclad principles say no. The voice of conscience says no. Catholic teaching and the voice of God say no! . . . The new teaching, the State U's teaching, the glib, fluent tongued professor says: "it doesn't matter."

Mike: The system tends to undermine their entire moral background then.

Henry: Dangerously.

Mike: That's just what I thought. Henry, Father Juniper is Okay.

Practical vs. Theoretical

There is a place for theory and a place for practice in every day life, and often the difference between a genius and a mere plodder is to be found in recognizing the place for each. The story is told that one day the inventor, Thomas Edison, called a young assistant who had just graduated with high honors from a technical school and asked him to ascertain the capacity of a certain electric light bulb in cubic centimeters.

The young man went to work with calipers, logarithm tables, and a wide assortment of mathematical formulas. He worked all day and late into the night before he obtained a solution to the problem of the capacity of the peculiarly shaped bulb. The next morning he presented the figures to Edison.

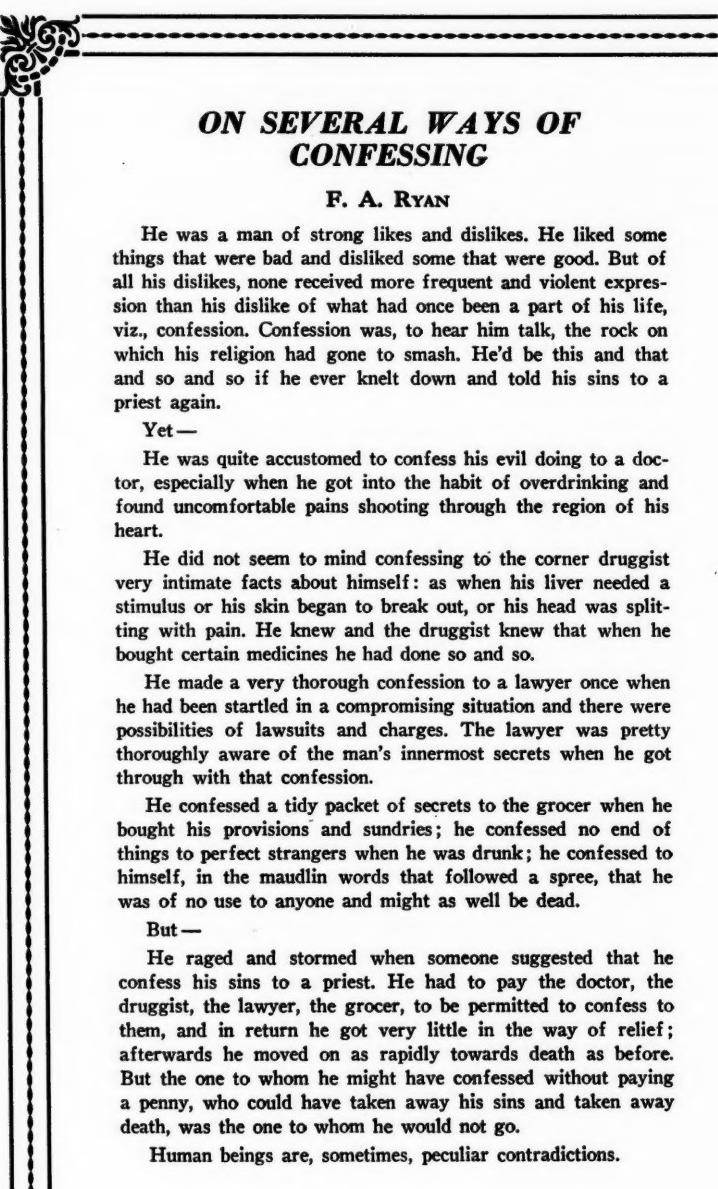
"Are you sure this is right?" asked the inventor.

"If any dependence is to be placed on mathematical formulas, it is correct," replied the young man. "I have verified my calculations by every known method."

"Well," said Mr. Edison, "let's see if the facts correspond with your calculations." In a moment he had snapped the tip from the end of the bulb and plunged it into a vessel of water. When the bulb had filled, he drew it out and allowed its contents to flow into a graduate marked in cubic centimeters. In about two minutes he had obtained the answer the young man had labored over for hours.

Mutual Ignorance

When John Quincy Adams went to Berlin as the representative of the United States to Germany in 1797, he was stopped at the gate of the city by a lieutenant who had never heard of the "United States." And as late as 1814 George Ticknor wrote complaining that he could not find a German teacher or dictionary in the whole city of Boston, or a single German book in the Harvard University library.



ON SEVERAL WAYS OF CONFESSING

F. A. RYAN

He was a man of strong likes and dislikes. He liked some things that were bad and disliked some that were good. But of all his dislikes, none received more frequent and violent expression than his dislike of what had once been a part of his life, viz., confession. Confession was, to hear him talk, the rock on which his religion had gone to smash. He'd be this and that and so and so if he ever knelt down and told his sins to a priest again.

Yet —

He was quite accustomed to confess his evil doing to a doctor, especially when he got into the habit of overdrinking and found uncomfortable pains shooting through the region of his heart.

He did not seem to mind confessing to the corner druggist very intimate facts about himself: as when his liver needed a stimulus or his skin began to break out, or his head was splitting with pain. He knew and the druggist knew that when he bought certain medicines he had done so and so.

He made a very thorough confession to a lawyer once when he had been startled in a compromising situation and there were possibilities of lawsuits and charges. The lawyer was pretty thoroughly aware of the man's innermost secrets when he got through with that confession.

He confessed a tidy packet of secrets to the grocer when he bought his provisions and sundries; he confessed no end of things to perfect strangers when he was drunk; he confessed to himself, in the maudlin words that followed a spree, that he was of no use to anyone and might as well be dead.

But —

He raged and stormed when someone suggested that he confess his sins to a priest. He had to pay the doctor, the druggist, the lawyer, the grocer, to be permitted to confess to them, and in return he got very little in the way of relief; afterwards he moved on as rapidly towards death as before. But the one to whom he might have confessed without paying a penny, who could have taken away his sins and taken away death, was the one to whom he would not go.

Human beings are, sometimes, peculiar contradictions.

ANALYSIS OF CONTRACEPTION

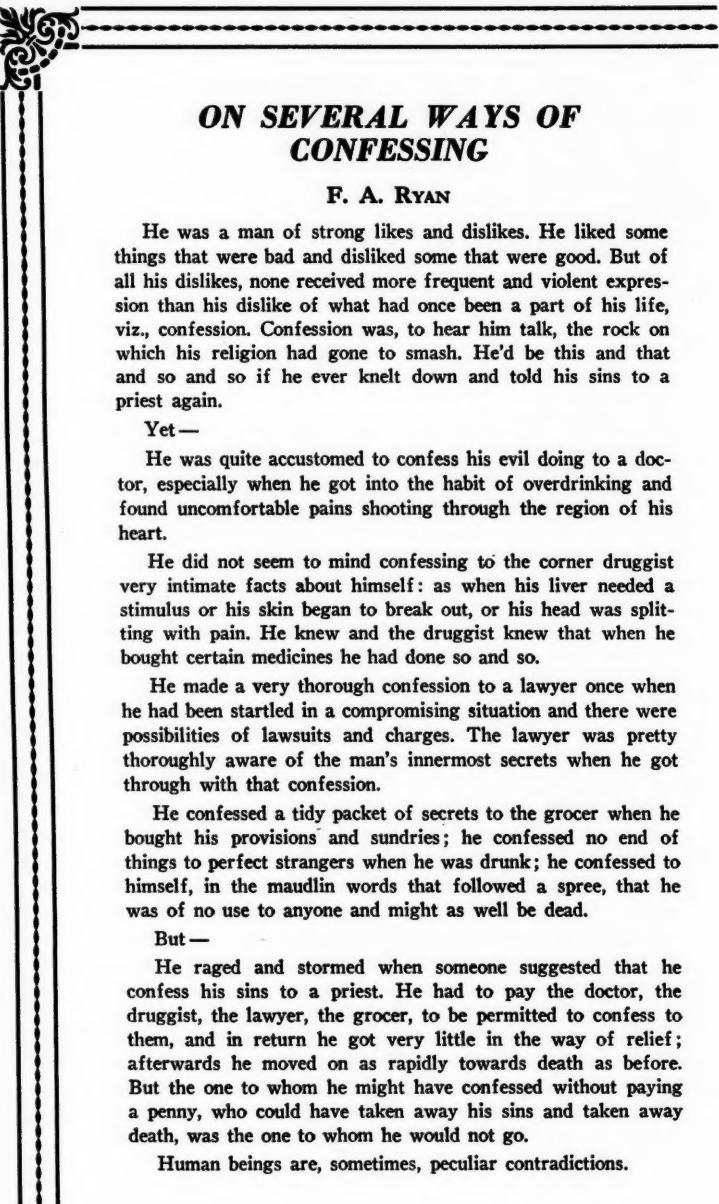
It is difficult to keep pace with all the new and changing forms of propaganda in favor of what some people call "birth-control." One thing about the Catholic position is this: that once you understand it thoroughly, you can never be misled by the shallow sophisms of the propagandists.

D. F. MILLER

THE arguments presented by reason for the rightness or wrongness of certain actions are not the most powerfully motivating arguments in the world. Sufficient to support this statement is the fact that one of the reasons why the Son of God became man and founded a Church was to give men a more powerful impetus towards good than reason alone could give to those who had inherited a fallen nature, and to correct mistakes that reason, under the influence of passion, would be inclined to make.

Nevertheless the arguments of reason are a strongly supporting and energizing influence upon those who are intent upon living as good Christians. One of the best examples of that influence is in the moral matter of contraception. That contraception is sinful has been accepted by some because the church as the representative of Christ has pronounced it to be so; yet their failure to understand the unchangeable reasons for the pronouncement subjects them both to tragic misunderstanding and grave weakness in trying to observe the law. As much rebellion as comes from this source, can be dissipated by a clear analysis of the fundamental character of the law that makes contraception always a sin.

The analysis might begin with the statement that, though the Church has pronounced upon it, the law making contraception a sin is not a law made by the church, nor dependent on the decision of any Pope. It is what is called a natural law. That means that it was made when man's nature was created; it announces itself wherever the nature of man is found; it can never be changed so long as the nature of man remains the same. It was, therefore, a universal law before any Pope saw the need of reminding the faithful of it; it would remain a law even though every positive pronouncement on it were to be forgotten for generation upon generation.



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THE LIGUORIAN

For these reasons it is fatuous to propose the question as to whether, in view of circumstances, the Catholic Church will ever change her stand on the morality of contraception. The question is proposed only by those who are confused about what the Church can do and cannot do. The Church can change positive laws, i.e. laws which are not expressions of some necessary and universal function of the nature of man. She can change the particular laws of fasting and abstaining, because there is nothing in man's nature demanding, for example, that Friday be a day set aside for abstaining. She can change the particular rubrics to be followed at Mass, because these are not established by the inherent nature of man. But she cannot change the laws established by human nature as it came from God. And the malice of contraception lies in this, that it is opposed to one of these laws, and is therefore unchangeable and universal.

NOW the basic reason why contraception is such an evil is to be found in the principle that covers the whole range of human activity: *necessary ends of human functions whose exercise brings pleasure may never be frustrated by man*. There are three things to be considered in grasping this principle. First, a function is a power or faculty whose exercise is intended to accomplish some work. Secondly, the end is that which the exercise of the faculty is intended to accomplish. This end may at times be multiple, but always there will be one among many ends which is so necessary that no other end may be sought to its exclusion. For example, as will be seen, the use of sex has for its primary end procreation, for secondary ends, the expression of love and avoidance of sin. But secondary ends are always subject in principle to the primary. Thirdly, there is the pleasure accompanying the activity, which already takes on the character of a reward in the light of the end to be attained. The end, of course, must be a necessary one if the frustration is to be evil, because it is not wrong to interfere with a purpose that is not necessary for man. That is why it is not wrong to interfere with the natural growth of hair, or with a slight tendency toward obesity, etc. But when it comes to activities that are indispensable for the preservation of the individual or the continuation of the race, it is evident that we are dealing with something that has a necessary purpose. It may be remarked that in proportion as the necessity of the end is greater, the reward or pleasure attached to the use of a function

THE LIGUORIAN

related to that end has been made greater by nature.

Likewise it must be noted that the natural law of not interfering with the purpose attached to the activity of a function does not mean that there must always be the sole conscious intent of achieving the purpose. The pleasure is intended by nature as both reward and incentive; as the latter it may sometimes be uppermost in the mind; it may even be accepted more than is necessary for the attainment of the end; but it may never be deliberately separated from or wrested away from the possibility of the end.

Now contraception is not the only example of interference with a necessary purpose of the exercise of a faculty for the sake of pleasure alone. Perhaps, indeed, the malice of contraception can be seen most clearly when paralleled with analogies and examples of the principle stated above. Not an example, but a close analogy, is that of the recreational faculty in man. Recreation has for its end what the very word signifies: re-creating one's energies, making oneself fit to take up serious work after fatigue. There is pleasure in recreation, no matter what form it may happen to take. Hence the law is inherent in the faculty of recreation that no one may seek recreation in a way or to the extent that, instead of fitting himself for the serious tasks of life, he render himself unfit, he tear down his energies instead of building them up. That would obviously be both a logical contradiction and a moral wrong. It is not wrong to be drawn into recreation by the thought of the entertainment offered; nor to recreate oneself more than is actually necessary for rebuilding body and mind: but it is palpably wrong to follow the lure of recreational pleasure to the point where health and efficiency are seriously impaired.

A more perfect example of the same principle is the function of eating and drinking. Eating and drinking have for their purpose the physical growth and sustenance of the body and to that end food and drink are directly intended to be assimilated into one's being. Pleasure in eating and drinking is intended by nature to be both the incentive and reward for attaining that purpose. Thus the law announces itself: do not separate the pleasure of eating from the purpose. Not, it must be noted, that it is wrong to eat without thinking of the purpose, or even to eat more than is actually and strictly necessary for the sustenance of the body (so long as no harm is done); but simply this, that it would be as wrong as it is repugnant to normal human beings, to enjoy eating

THE LIGUORIAN

and then have the food ejected from the stomach that the enjoyment might be indulged again. The Romans were said to make use of this practice, and all the world since has considered it a revolting form of sensuality.

CONTRACEPTION, it is clear, parallels these other suggested separations of the reward and pleasure of a necessary function from the end that function is to attain. The exercise of the sex functions is evidently and primarily directed by nature toward the necessary re-creation of the human race, and through that, secondarily, to the promotion of love and virtue between husband and wife. That exercise has been made highly pleasurable by nature in fitting proportion to the necessity and grandeur of the purpose,—hence an incentive and reward of great power over human action. It is not wrong to refrain from both exercising the function and accepting the reward. It is not necessarily wrong, in the state of marriage where the purpose can be fully attained, to exercise it under the incentive of the reward; it is not wrong, in the same state, to exercise it more than is necessary for the attainment of the end, nor even at times when the purpose may not be actually achieved by nature. One thing is wrong, as in the other examples; viz., deliberately to separate the purpose from the pleasure in the way of performing the action. Exactly that is the malice of contraception in any form: that it upsets the fundamental principle upon which all law rests; it makes what was intended to be an incentive and a reward become an end in itself; it attempts to change the unchangeable, the order of things that was intended from the beginning to be a preservative for man.

THE simplicity of this train of reasoning may be enhanced by a so-called second argument that makes the matter still more reasonably clear. In short, the argument is this: that if contraception were not wrong, there would be no need for marriage, and, above all, there would be no evil in any abuse of sex for the sake of pleasure alone. The sole reason why the state of marriage, even on the natural plane, has been established and accepted by the whole world, is because it is recognized by all that the use of the sex faculties has an inseparable relationship to the possibility of offspring; that therefore it must not be exercised except in a stable, permanent state wherein children can not only be born, but reared to maturity as well. This of course was

THE LIGUORIAN

the creator's plan and is written upon man's nature, and by the universality of marriage as the only state sanctifying sex relations, has been accepted overwhelmingly by mankind.

But see what happens to this plan and to the state of marriage when it is claimed that in marriage the powers of sex may be exercised while their purpose is rendered impossible! If it be admitted that the only state in which sex activity is licit and virtuous is marriage, it has to be admitted that this is because only in marriage can children be properly born and reared. If one comes along then and says that contraception is lawful in marriage, he is saying that marriage is not necessary at all, because contraception means sex indulgence without even the possibility of children. That means that marriage is not needed to sanctify sex relations, because marriage is an institution created for the sake of offspring and family. That means, in turn, that personal pleasure sanctifies sex relations. If personal pleasure alone sanctifies them, it does so outside of marriage as well as within, because, once the possibility of offspring is excluded, there can be no other morally binding limitation that can be conceived. The result is that no form of sex indulgence is wrong so long as it is sanctified by pleasure. Nothing could be more revolting to a sane and thinking man — yet it becomes the logical position of the one who defends the practice of contraception.

It is not too much to say that the world is demonstrating the logical conclusion thus deduced in a multitude of ways. Since contraception has become common, since propagandists have been promoting it and urging it almost everywhere, there have arisen loud-mouthed leaders like Bertrand Russell who have gone the whole way with contraception, arguing against anything like a restriction on the use of sex in or outside of marriage. Above all, with the spread of the practice, there has been a proportionate increase in divorce, adultery, immorality among youth, and every other form of impurity, because unconsciously if not consciously the minds of men have deduced the practical conclusion from contraception that pleasure alone sanctifies sex.

THESE are the reasons behind the stand of the Catholic Church on contraception. These are nature's reasons for punishing contraception with grave evils that scientific medical men have only recently begun to probe. These are the reasons why contraception is opposed to the natural law — a law that can never be changed as long as man is man.

Three Minute Instruction

EXAMINATION OF CONSCIENCE

Little progress in virtue can be made without frequent self-examination. Without this, faults can become so incorporated in one's character that ultimately they will be taken for granted and even considered unavoidable or good. An examination of conscience that can be used daily is here given:

1. *Faults concerning one's duties to God:* Have I been faithful in saying my prayers in the morning and evening? Have I spontaneously said a prayer when temptations assailed me in thought, word or deed? Have I used God's name or the name of Christ irreverently in anger, in foolishness, in idle conversation? Have I failed to trust God, Who died for me, by complaining about my trials and hardships? Have I doubted God's ability to reward me for my sufferings, or to answer my prayers? Have I permitted wilful distractions to spoil my attendance at Mass, and to nullify my prayers?

2. *Faults concerning one's duties to neighbors:* Have I been unforgiving towards those who wronged me? Have I given way to sensitiveness by peevishness and pouting? Have I day-dreamed about getting revenge against someone? Have I given way to anger, using harsh and hurting language? Have I spoken unkindly about the absent, interpreting their motives, revealing their sins or faults, even possibly lying about them? Have I criticized those placed over me, thus showing resentment against authority? Have I lied to others, or deceived and cheated them in some way? Have I led others into sin, by sinful conversation, by bad example, even by invitations or urgings to sin? Have I failed to use opportunities to make others more happy, by my selfishness, my moroseness, my thoughtlessness?

3. *Faults concerning one's duties to self:* Have I permitted curiosity in reading, in gazing about, in seeking evil knowledge, to endanger the purity of my thoughts and actions? Have I given in to sloth, neglecting duties, passing by easy opportunities for spiritual advancement? Have I been guilty of vanity, thinking too much of my excellence? of human respect, abandoning principle for fear of others? of pride, refusing to admit my complete dependence on God?

These are key questions that everyone may ask himself, to find out fundamental weaknesses and faults. Such knowledge is the necessary beginning of purification and progress.

BROTHER ANDREW AND THE DEVIL

A young monk's great temptation, and an old monk's method of helping him overcome it, constitute a modern story that has many a moral. And of human interest — a plenty!

E. F. MILLER

BROTHER ANDREW sat in his simple cell and perspired. While the sunshine made merry on his floor, darting in and out his window from behind scurrying patches of clouds like the dancing feet of fairies; and while the brooks babbled and chattered and laughed as they tumbled on their way through the monastery gardens; and while the world was at peace and the great monastery lost in quiet, Brother Andrew sat silent and alone, and perspired. His huge frame trembled as with palsy, and his hand shook as he mopped his tonsured brow. In all his eighteen years of life, this, undoubtedly, was his hardest moment.

His perspiration and his trembling were not due to the fact that the weather was hot, or that the heavy habit with which his body was incased was too much clothing to be worn inside the house. Concerning the weather quite the opposite was true. There was a chill in the air, and the remnants of late winter snows still clung to the earth. The stone floor of his cell and the total absence of radiator or stove, even the most elemental, did not help the situation. Under such conditions no habit even with scapular and cowl could be too much.

Neither was he trembling because he was sick. No man in the history of monks was ever more healthy in body, or ruddy in face, or stalwart in stature than he. Brother Andrew could have made two of the ordinary monk, and three of the smaller species that sometimes seek admission to the ranks of the chosen brethren. He had never been sick in the course of his life, and he was not sick now.

To put it in as few words as possible he was in the midst of his old temptation — the one that had been torturing him for one whole year now — ever since he had knelt before the altar and placed in the hands of the Abbot his first holy vows. The long and the short of the matter was, Brother Andrew was hungry. But that was not all. He was hungry in a very special sense of the word. He was hungry for a piece of meat

THE LIGUORIAN

— cold meat, hot meat, minced meat — it made no difference what the form or how advanced the age. And here he was in a religious order that had for one of its most important rules the total and eternal abstinence from meat. "Ah me," he sighed, as he drew forth a multi-colored handkerchief and mopped his brow anew. "Ah me, and woe is me." If only he could put a stop to his visions. Liver sausage, veal cutlets, pigs' feet — one after the other passed before him in parade. Just one tiny piece was all he craved; then, he felt, his stomach would be forever soothed and his imagination rid of the sinful pictures of luscious steaks and steaming stew, such as his mother used to make back home on the farm.

BACK home on the farm! Now that was a nice thing to think about at a time like this. Brother Andrew gave himself a sharp kick in the left shin. But the scene was set, the curtain was up, he had to look whether he wanted to or not. Back home on the farm in Pratt, Nebraska! What times were those when he first felt his strength upon him, and after a hard day in the fields, returned to the house to see the table piled high with everything that a human being could want in the way of soul-satisfying viands. Of course he was too young then to realize the blessing that was his; but perhaps it was just as well after all. Had he realized, he would never have had the courage to take the holy habit and become a monk. God's ways are inscrutable, and little babes in the spiritual life He leads along by the hand, kicking away the big stones of temptations Himself lest the child stumble and fall, and be not able to rise again. But once the babe comes to manhood in spiritual things, then the kind Father withdraws Himself, and allows the grown man to pick his own way by the light of faith between the jagged stones that lie about in such abundance, and which would be only too ready to bring about a tumble.

Brother Andrew knew all this. But the knowledge did not dry his brow or steady his hand or still the ache in his stomach. It was strange that he should be tempted so. Rising at midnight to recite the office was child's play to him, and his voice boomed out on all occasions much louder than the rest. Keeping silence during most of the hours of the day, and hearing no voice but the voices of the birds singing in the monastery trees was just what his soul desired. Money and pleasure were to him as so much bitter poison that even a man in the world

THE LIGUORIAN

would do much better to avoid. And sleeping on a bed little softer than a board did not trouble him in the least. He could sleep on anything, and for any length of time, and never feel an ache in consequence. None of the temptations came his way that cluttered up the paths of other people. And here he was driveling over so trivial a thing as a piece of meat.

"Put it from your mind," he said savagely to himself, "or you may go the way of Brother Adam who fell into the well and was drowned because he tried to draw up a pail of water for drinking purposes at a time when drinking was forbidden." He arose from his chair to take a turn around the cell, with the intention of making a short meditation on the gluttony of the Romans and their subsequent great and just punishment, when he heard a knock at the door.

"*Deo gratias,*" he said, as the ancient custom of the monastery decreed he should.

THE door swung back on its hinges to the extent of three inches, and a long thin arm was extended in. In the hand there was a little package wrapped up in a piece of soiled newspaper. A sibilant voice accompanied the arm and the package. "Found it in the parlor," it said. "Left by visitors. Take it." Brother Andrew was over at the opening in three long strides.

"My soul!" he cried. "And what have you there, Brother Gerald?" He did not like this at all. It looked like a conspiracy, and Brother Andrew was really striving after perfection. Some days before in a moment of weakness he had confided to Brother Gerald the secret of his awful appetite. They had been working side by side in the fields, and the pain was so great that he thought he might dispel it by making it manifest to another who could share the burden with him. With a groan he let drop the secret. And no sooner had he done so than he knew he had made a mistake. Not that Brother Gerald was a tepid monk. Not at all. It was only that—well, there was that something about him that does not invite confidences.

"Come now," said Brother Andrew, "and what is this?" He took the package in his hands and gingerly turned it over. It was light and soft to the touch. It looked suspicious. Perhaps a pair of handkerchiefs. "No thank you, but I don't want it," he said, and made to give it back. But when he looked up, Brother Gerald, his finger on his lips in a

THE LIGUORIAN

gesture of silence, was slithering away down the corridor like a rain-drop on a pane of glass.

Brother Andrew closed the door and moved over to his table near the window. Seating himself, he unwrapped the mysterious package, and at once fell back as though he had been stabbed. There, to his horror, sat before him a sandwich — and not a cheese sandwich or an egg sandwich, but a sandwich made of ham! He pushed it away from him as though it were alive with worms. Even thus its fragrance curled about his nostrils like a pot of incense and engulfed him in a paroxysm of desire.

"Away with you," he said, giving the sandwich another push to the far corner of the table. "I'll have no part with you." It appeared to shrivel up at such harsh treatment and to sulk in silence. And then a voice seemed to emerge from it and say:

"But, brother, aren't you hungry? Here is a little snack that will fit right in and tide you over until supper."

"No, no, you devil," answered the monk, gritting his teeth. "Tempt me not. I see through your tricks. You would disguise the meatiness of your composition; you would be silent about your essence. But I see through you as through a glass. Besides, I need no snacks. I am strong. I am a man. The meals I take according to the holy rule are quite enough. Now be still before I crush you and cast you to the birds."

"But, my friend, is it not true that a tiny taste of that which you so heartily desire may forever still the pangs your stomach feels? Is it not better to break a tiny rule now (for which there is sufficient reason, to be sure) than to be in danger of forever breaking rules? Prudence, you know, and foresight are virtues as well as mortification and obedience."

Brother Andrew groaned, and his nostrils toyed with the joyous odors. "You argue well, you little fiend," he answered. "But I know you lie. Tomorrow my appetite will be as great as it is today whether I eat you or not. Now again I say, be still. I desire to think this thing out."

"Ah, think — yes, think, brother. That is what you should do — think. And that is exactly what you are not doing. Did not the great father, Thomas of Aquin, sanctify thinking with the force of his mighty intellect? He would bless you now were you to follow his example and do a bit of thinking too. I will help you. Listen to me closely. You must know that bread is good, a holy substance given to man that life might

be preserved. To destroy it or cast it aside idly would be wasteful and therefore immoral. Besides, is there not a principle in your theology, '*parum pro nihilo putatur*,' which means, as you know very well, a little bit is considered as nothing? Come now, you haven't forgotten your theology so soon, and the book right there before you on the table? For shame, Brother Andrew, for shame!"

BROTHER ANDREW'S eyes bit into the sandwich. His hands picked it up and fondled it gently. No harm, at any rate, in seeing what it looked like. "Perhaps," he said, after a time, "'twouldn't be so wrong to try just a morsel to see if the taste has changed since I left the world. Then I can toss the rest aside. Just so that I can say that I have not been guilty of sinful waste. After all, it is a subtle case of two obligations rising at the same time. Which is better: to waste good bread, or to break a rule? Waste is against the Natural Law —." He raised the sandwich to his lips, and was about to bite, when the door opened, and there stood before him, with ring and cross, the Abbot.

"Concerning the hymn at matins, brother," he began, paging intently through a book of rubrics — and then he looked up, saw the awryness of the scene, the contradiction of a meatless monk with a meat sandwich in his hand. He was not slow in drawing the proper conclusions. He closed his book. "What have you there, Brother Andrew?" he asked approaching the table, but keeping a safe distance from the odious object of his attention. "But no. It is quite unnecessary to answer. It is a sandwich and a sandwich made of meat. And there around the edges I see the marks of human teeth. Are they the marks of your teeth, Brother Andrew?"

"Yes, Father Abbot," responded the culprit.

"And your reason? Have you a reason for this unseemly breaking of the rule? Has the Brother Infirmary perhaps prescribed this diet for your health?"

"No, Father Abbot. I only ate, or started to eat it because, because —" His arguments seemed to have vanished into thin air. Not a single solid syllogism came to his mind. "I only started to eat it, Father Abbot, because, because — because I did, I guess."

"A very sorry defense, my boy. But now that you've begun, I suppose you should be allowed to finish." He sighed. "You have made your bed; now you must lie in it. You have baked your cake; now you must

THE LIGUORIAN

eat it. But we should have some witnesses, lest in swallowing the delicious but forbidden fruit — it is ham, is it not? — a slice or sliver stick in your throat and bring on a choking spell. We must have first aid close at hand in such an emergency." He went to the door, and gave an order to a passing monk that the brethren be called to Brother Andrew's cell.

IN FIVE minutes they were there, crowding the room like so many bees in a hive. There was Father Adolf with the long beard, old in years and the ways of penance; there was Brother Giles who had been a general in the French army once upon a time and who was now reputed as a saint; there was Brother Cyprian and Father Louis, sacristan and procurator respectively; and there were a score more, all with lips closed tight, and hands concealed beneath the scapular. Brother Andrew took them in with one glance, and then closed his eyes in a tidal wave of shame. The Abbot faced the silent audience and said:

"It seems, Reverend Fathers, and dear Brothers, that Brother Andrew has come upon hard ways. His system weakened under the strain of our rigorous discipline, and so he decided to give himself added nourishment. And we have decided that this added nourishment he should have. And while he takes it, we shall stand about him, and give him (by our presence) moral nourishment without which material nourishment is vain. Draw up, brethren, draw up." He turned to Brother Andrew. "And now, Brother Andrew, eat."

The first bite tasted like sand, if sand has a taste.

The second bite was not sufficiently masticated, with the result that it caught in the throat and brought on a bad spell of choking. Father Louis struck him smartly on the back until the offending particle was dislodged.

The third and last bite had no more resemblance to ham than eggs have to cheese. But Brother Andrew managed it, swallowing hard, and then bending his head in humility to the just rebuke and lecture which he knew should follow. He deserved it, and would give no answer or rejoinder.

But no rebuke and lecture followed.

"That will be all, brethren," the Abbot said to the assembled monks. "You may go now." They filed out in silence, one after the other. Then he turned to Brother Andrew. He smiled. "You'll do, my boy, you'll

THE LIGUORIAN

do," he said. "This little scheme of ours, fantastic though it may have seemed, has not found you wanting. Humility is the virtue of the true monk, and on that can all the other virtues be built. Your main trouble now is too much youth, too much imagination, too much impetuosity. But that will be taken care of in its own good time. I was young myself once, and I think I know what you've been through. I went through it too. And my Abbot — saintly man he was — did to me what I have done to you. I've never been troubled since. And I may hazard the prophecy that from this day on, you won't be troubled either — at least, not to the extent you've been troubled in the past." He smiled once more, and left the room.

AND the strange part was Brother Andrew's temptations left him like a fog before the sun. From that time on he was a free man. Carrots and spinach he could eat with gusto; eggs and fish were as the golden dishes of the gods. But meat? Its very thought was as ashes and unripe persimmons in the mouth.

Move off the Earth

The following are the warnings given to the public at large, with regard to the manner in which they should seek safety from air raids, by W. W. Chaplin in "When War Comes":

"Don't stay in a city, the bombers' easiest target.

Don't live within miles of any munitions works.

Don't live near a bridge, tunnel, railway or road intersection.

Don't live near a harbour or navigable river.

Don't live near a factory or food depot.

Don't live near a hospital, target for terrorists.

Don't live on a hilltop where your home might be suspected of being a signal station.

Don't use a completely isolated house, which draws attention to itself by its very isolation.

Don't live near a radio station, main power line, water-works or reservoir."

Is there any place left to live, in time of war? To the *Rock of Hong Kong*, the warnings are reminiscent of the warnings of Christ regarding the end of the world: "And he that is on the housetop let him not come down to take anything out of his house; and he that is in the field, let him not go back to take his coat."

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

Why are expensive and elaborate Catholic Churches built, when it is the poor who have to contribute to them and when the money needed for them could be used to relieve so much poverty and suffering?

This question has been asked by some ever since Judas asked a similar question, on the occasion when he appeared to be shocked and scandalized at the expensive perfume that Mary Magdalen poured out on the feet of Christ. He too wanted to know why the perfume was not saved and sold and the money given to the poor. The character Judas already had as a petty thief, and the crime he was soon to commit for thirty pieces of silver, made him a dubious champion of the poor and a model that thinking people should be slow to follow. The fact that Our Lord rebuked him sharply makes imitation of his example still less savory.

It is true that beautiful churches are built principally by the poor (so much the worse for the rich), but it is sometimes forgotten that they are likewise built *for* the poor. It may be said that they are built for the poor who contribute to them and for the poor who cannot contribute to them and who therefore need charity and alms. A Catholic church is the home of God and the place where the poor find Him and find the truest relief from the burdens of their lives. God is present in a church not visibly, but to the eyes of faith, and faith must be supported by visible things that remind one of the beauty and majesty of God. If a Church is but a shack, barren and empty of adornment and beauty, faith may find God there, but it will not be supported by the comforting assurances of the senses. If a church is beautiful, as befits a home of God, one finds it infinitely more easy to realize that God is there.

This, in the long run, contributes to the poor for whom the scandalized would like to see the money that goes into beautiful churches expended. The needy poor will never suffer so long as their neighbors believe that God is present in the world. Tear down all the beautiful Catholic churches, thus rob people of the help necessary to believe in God and to love Him, and there will soon be an end to all charity for the poor. When the love of God dies, for the fostering of which every beautiful church is built, love of the poor will soon go out like a lone candle in a sweeping storm.

AMERICAN LABOR

CATHOLIC TRADE UNIONISTS

J. SCHAEFER

IN A recent convention, the New York Central-Verein passed the following praiseworthy resolution: "We, therefore, urge our affiliated societies to form, wherever possible, Catholic workingmen's societies and to do all that they can to induce Catholic workingmen to attend them." The writers of the resolution apparently overlooked or were unaware of the fact that an organization exactly like that which they were calling for was in existence for over two years, and that during that time it has been inaugurating units throughout the country. It is possible that there are many more persons ignorant of the splendid work being done by the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, commonly known as the ACTU.

In February, 1937, a group of Catholic workingmen met around the kitchen table at a Catholic Worker home in New York City. Each one was a member of a labor union; each one was campaigning individually for the right to unionize or for better unions. They were all familiar with Catholic social doctrine,—the right of workers to organize, the mutual duties of employer and employee, the right of every worker to a living wage. They knew the papal condemnation of Communism and understood it thoroughly. But they were not satisfied with mere knowledge. They wanted to put the papal program into practice, to apply Catholic principles to the United States labor movement. For these reasons they formed the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists. From such an humble beginning has grown a militant Catholic movement, which in less than three years has established itself in more than twenty cities of the United States.

The ACTU takes its charter from the instructions of Popes Pius X and Pius XI. Both Popes put it down as almost a necessity that in those countries in which Catholic labor unions are impractical and impossible, as here in the United States where mixed religious affiliations enter into almost all labor groups, "Catholics can hardly do otherwise than join the neutral unions." But in this case, says Pope Pius XI in *Quadragesimo Anno*, "they must keep in mind the principles and safe-

THE LIGUORIAN

guards recommended by our predecessor Pius X of holy memory. The first and foremost of these safeguards is this: that side by side with the labor unions there should always be Catholic guilds devoted to the moral and religious training of the members." It is true that the ACTU has adopted a wider scope of activity than the moral and religious development mentioned by the Pope, but the fact that these are directly included makes it a means of carrying out the plan.

THE first principle of the ACTU is that to join the Association one must be a member of a *bona fide* labor union. Only such persons can participate in the work of the organization, which is, according to its constitution: "To foster and spread in the American labor movement sound trade unionism built on Christian principles, (1) by bringing to Catholic workers in particular and all workers in general a knowledge of these principles, and (2) by training leaders and supplying an organization to put these Christian principles into practice." The ACTU, therefore, is not a Catholic labor union, but an association working side by side with the already established unions. It accepts members from any union, and by educating and training them, brings to the American labor movement the Christian principles of which it stands so much in need.

To bring a knowledge of Christian principles to the workers and to train leaders, the program of the ACTU is threefold: educational, legal and spiritual.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM

The educational program of the ACTU is its most extensive, most developed, and probably most important feature. At first, instruction was confined to educational meetings and study groups among the members themselves. But the Association was only six months old when it founded its first labor school at Fordham University. This was the first prominent ACTU success. When the school was well under way it was found that 343 workers had enrolled for the courses. At present there are three schools in New York City; one in Detroit; one in Pittsburgh; one in New Rochelle, New York, and a few more in other cities. The courses included in the schools include five branches: ethics of labor, trade union practices and parliamentary procedure, labor relations, history of labor, and economics.

THE LIGUORIAN

The second venture of the ACTU into the educational field was the publication of a labor paper, *The Labor Leader*. It is edited by George R. Donahue, one of the ACTU founders. Its first steps were short and uncertain. The first copies were in mimeographed form, but within four months it was appearing in its present dress, as a printed, four-page, bi-weekly paper. The importance of *The Labor Leader* is obvious. It is the only Catholic newspaper of its kind in the United States, committed to the purposes of propagating Catholic social doctrine, reporting labor news without bias, and exposing Communistic and radical elements in the labor movement. In this way it is directly carrying out the instruction of Pius XI in the encyclical, *Atheistic Communism*, in which he says that the Catholic Press is "to foster in various attractive ways an ever better understanding of social doctrine . . . to supply accurate and complete information on the activity of the enemy (Communism) . . . to offer useful suggestions and warn against the insidious deceits with which Communists endeavor, all too successfully, to attract even men of good faith." Recently the Detroit chapter of the ACTU began the publication of a *Michigan Labor Leader*, a monthly paper to be inserted into copies of *The Labor Leader*.

Just a year or so ago the ACTU again broadened its educational activities by the formation of a Speakers' Bureau. In it have been brought together a band of trained, well-informed speakers who offer their services to any group interested in the labor movement and Catholic social doctrine. They have addressed many such groups, Holy Name Societies, Knights of Columbus, union meetings, strikers, etc. The activities of the Speakers' Bureau also include a weekly radio program over Station WNYC of New York City.

LEGAL PROGRAM

The legal phase of the ACTU activities is confided to the care of the Catholic Labor Defense League, which is an offspring of the ACTU itself, founded in April, 1928. Already it is conducting parliamentary law classes for union men, so that they will be prepared to use their influence properly in a meeting and to defeat Communists who are well trained in the rules of procedure. Experienced labor lawyers are also teaching labor practice in the ACTU labor schools. Here they stress factual rather than theoretical matter, particularly the decisions of the NLRB. Should any Actist, as the members of Association of Catholic

THE LIGUORIAN

Trade Unionists are called, become involved in a case before a court or the Labor Board, a member of the League acts as attorney, offering his services gratis.

SPIRITUAL PROGRAM

The third element of the ACTU program is its vitalizing feature, the spiritual activities. Every ACTU chapter must be under the guidance of a chaplain appointed by the bishop of the diocese in which it is formed. Spiritual activities under his direction include frequent corporate Communion, a yearly retreat, talks by priests at the regular ACTU meetings. These conferences deal with such topics as the relation of the Church to the labor movement, the Sacraments and the worker, etc. When an ACTU chapter was recently founded at San Pedro, California, its first public act was the dedication of its members to Christ the Worker at a Field Mass celebrated on Labor Day.

Other ACTU activities lead the organization into the very front of the labor movement. During its short period of existence it has acted as arbitrator in several strikes, settling most of them in a manner acceptable to both parties. Frequently, too, the ACTU has supported the cause of strikers when it was found to be just. In all such cases, it first examines into the cause of the strike, and then if it finds that the strikers are in the right, lends its aid by sending pickets to join the strikers, by publicity in *The Labor Leader*, and by endeavoring to bring about an agreement between employers and strikers. On more than one occasion the ACTU, by threatening to withdraw its support, has prevented strikers from having recourse to violence.

The ACTU has the whole-hearted support of the American hierarchy. The late Cardinals Hayes and Mundelein, Cardinal O'Connell; Archbishops Spellman, Mooney, Schrembs; Bishops Noll, Lucey O'Hara, Boyle, Kearney and many others are among its enthusiastic supporters. Thus the organization enters the field as an organ of Catholic Action, and its constitution requires that before a new chapter be formed the approval of the bishop be first obtained. Archbishop Mooney of Detroit, before last year's regional meeting of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Relations in that city, mentioned it explicitly as filling a great need: "Those of you," he said, "who are familiar with even the fundamentals of the Catholic labor movement will recognize that I am pleading for a lively interest on the part of priests and Cath-

THE LIGUORIAN

olic workers in definite and effective work in favor of a Christian and American program, like the program of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists." The ACTU, significantly, was the only organization mentioned in the archbishop's address.

AS THIS is written, there are some twenty-four chapters of the ACTU established in the United States. They are in New York City, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Chicago, San Francisco, Cleveland, Boston, Akron, Philadelphia, Ponca City (Michigan), Oklahoma City, Newark, Everett (Washington), Pontiac (Michigan), Bayonne (New Jersey), Columbus (Ohio), Bay City (Michigan), Washington, Rochester (New York), Toledo, San Pedro (California), Glassport (Pennsylvania), Corning (New York), Seattle. Preparations have been made to found chapters in several cities, and by the time this reaches print, some of them may have actually been established.

It is beyond question that this movement will contribute more towards the ideal of social justice in the United States than any other. It will educate the workingman to an understanding of his rights and obligations; it will forestall Communism wherever it raises its head; above all, it will keep laborers solidly grounded in those moral and religious principles without which justice cannot be conceived.

Advice on "Fits"

This item, "Fits and Their Cure," we found in an old scrapbook:—

For a fit of passion—walk out into the open air. You may speak your mind to the winds without hurting anyone or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

For a fit of idleness—count the tickings of a clock. Do this for an hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat and work like a Trojan.

For a fit of ambition—go into the churchyard and read the gravestones; they will tell you the end of ambition.

For a fit of repining—look about for the halt and the blind. Visit the bed-ridden, the afflicted, the deranged. They will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

For a fit of despondence—look at the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which He has promised to His followers in the next. He who goes into the garden to look for cobwebs and spiders will find them without doubt. He who looks for a flower will return with one blossoming on his bosom.—*Church Calendar*.

HARVESTER AT WORK

How one man has entered that ever-widening field for missionary zeal — the ranks of the colored — to reap abundantly and continuously.

C. DUHART

HIS great longing was to do missionary work in China or in the leper colony. Instead he was sent to St. Monica Mission in Atlantic City, New Jersey.

He found on his arrival no church building, a dilapidated home for himself, no existing resources. Today, he has a delightful home, comfortable though by no means luxurious, a chapel, a hall near completion, a church and school in prospect.

He had only fifteen parishioners when he came to take over this Negro Mission Church. Today, one year later, he has over six hundred, some one hundred and forty being converts.

After his ordination, Father Hudzik of the Camden diocese had spent five years at work among the Polish Catholics of Camden and its environs. During this time his thoughts had frequently wandered to fields afar where the harvest of souls was great, but the laborers few. He dreamed of work among the Maryknoll Fathers, of a life spent in missionary activity in China or in some leper colony. When Bishop Eustace was appointed Ordinary of the newly created diocese of Camden, Father Hudzik told him of his desire to become a missionary. Bishop Eustace offered him the Negro work at St. Monica Mission in Atlantic City, and the offer was accepted.

There was little to encourage Father Hudzik in the existing conditions at St. Monica's. Fifteen parishioners did not make a mighty flock. A house, through whose cracks the winds from off the Atlantic swept, was no inviting prospect. The rats held their nightly rendezvous in his basement, and it was not a pleasant thought, as he saw them scurrying out into the sunlight with the dawn of day, to realize that as he slept he was surrounded by nightly visitants.

There was much to be done from a merely material standpoint. A pair of overalls became a very essential addition to Father Hudzik's wardrobe. Many renovations were a sheer necessity, and there were no material sources to finance the improvements. So the new pastor set his

THE LIGUORIAN

mind and his body to the task. At various times, he put his hand to carpentry, to wall panelling, to wall plastering, to common painting, to artistic painting. In many of his projects he was his own architect. An unpretentious, but neat and serviceable, chapel took shape under his constant labors. There was scarcely a chapel fixture which took its appointed place without some touch from his hand. The crucifix, the statues, the other appurtenances had experience with his carpenter tools or paint brush.

As his little flock grew, the pastor frequently had the aid of his parishioners in his various projects. Many of them helped him after working hours — many of them were out of work, due chiefly to the seasonal character of employment in Atlantic City.

The chapel was the prime object of Father Hudzik's efforts, as far as the material plant was concerned. But he needed a place to live — and a place of such a kind that he could be assured of a sufficient span of life to get his work fairly started. Those cracks and draught-entrances in his house had to be repaired. His home had to be reasonably free from the unwanted visits of various types of rodents. He needed a roof over his head which would not so closely emulate the characteristics of a sieve.

Again with the aid of his parishioners and his own capable hands, Father Hudzik soon made his home liveable — and before long, he had gone beyond that, and provided himself with a pleasant, cozy dwelling-place. The furniture was gathered from all quarters. Father Hudzik borrowed a truck and went to the homes of various friends to collect the furniture so kindly donated for the rectory and the chapel. The women of the parish worked on his curtains and the covers for his furniture. A delicate touch here and there lent charm to the whole ensemble.

And so Father Hudzik found himself in possession of a liveable home and a serviceable chapel — all secured without placing a heavy burden of debt upon anyone, except his own mind and body.

Today a hall is under construction — a very necessary feature in this convert work. In his more sanguine moments, and these are not too infrequent with him, the pastor allows his thoughts to wander to the day when he can have a real church, large enough to accommodate his rapidly expanding congregation, and a school for his children.

While these building activities were in progress, Father Hudzik did

THE LIGUORIAN

not lose sight of his mission in Atlantic City. The house and chapel and hall were all necessary accessories, but still only accessories. His work was to deal primarily and essentially with souls. And there were many souls in the negro population of Atlantic City. This was his province and jurisdiction — the entire negro population of Atlantic City. Thousands of souls, and he had only fifteen in his parish on his arrival at St. Monica Mission!

There was no time to lose, and the great gains accomplished in one year, part of which time he spent in a hospital as a result of a rather severe accident, prove that no time was lost.

FATHER HUDZIK'S chief instrument in the work of building his parish was the lecture. That was the principal human instrument, for Father Hudzik would be the first to admit that the really essential work was done by the grace of God, by the Mass he celebrated and the Sacraments he administered in his little chapel, by the prayers of devout souls.

These lectures were advertised in the daily paper of Atlantic City. They were announced in a way which would catch the curiosity and interest of the people. It was not "The Sacrament of Confession," but "How do Catholics go to Confession?"; not "The Holy Eucharist," but "Do Catholics really receive God in the Host?"

The idea caught on immediately. Crowds came to listen to him. The problem was not to get them to come, but to find a place for them when they did come. Father Hudzik's lectures were no "dry-as-dust," sleep-producing expositions of Catholic doctrine. He knew the incalculable advantage of interest in the type of work he was doing. His method became essentially the explanation of a well-arranged series of pictures which he flashed on a screen before his audience. While the pictures caught their eye, he discoursed on the Catholic truths which were suggested by the pictures.

There was no available instrument which might clarify Catholic doctrine which he would not use. For example, in explaining the presence of Our Blessed Lord in each consecrated host, and in each particle of each consecrated host when the host is broken, he made use of a large discarded mirror to drive home his explanation. Looking into the mirror, he remarked that he saw only one image of all of them. Then before their astonished eyes, he struck the glass, and it shattered into a thou-

THE LIGUORIAN

sand pieces. Selecting one of the larger fragments of glass, and looking at his audience through it he said that he could still see one image of the whole group of them, and so with smaller and smaller pieces. In like manner, he concluded, was the whole Christ really and truly present in each smallest particle of each consecrated host. A crude analogy perhaps, but one that proved more effective than the most subtle theological reasoning.

After one of his lectures on the Eucharist, one of Father Hudzik's listeners approached him and remarked that so convinced was he of the absolute truth of the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist, that this alone was sufficient to persuade him to become a Catholic.

AS THE report of the popular, attractive nature of the lectures spread among the Negro population of Atlantic City, the crowds grew larger. Soon the time arrived for plucking the first fruits of this new harvest. Catholics were becoming more interested in the Faith that was theirs, and non-Catholics convinced that the Catholic Church alone was capable of satisfying the deepest longings of their hearts.

Large numbers began to take instructions. And one glorious day, some sixty converts were baptized into the Catholic Faith, each receiving the saving waters from him, upon whom after God depended so much the great grace of this day. It became one magnificent round of conversions and new conversions. Parents were anxious to bring their children for instructions; children converted felt their happiness incomplete so long as those who had given them life remained separated from the spiritual life of the Church.

With all his activity, all his lectures, Father Hudzik's work would have been impossible if he had assumed toward his Negroes a patronizing attitude or one of racial superiority. His constant cry to his people is that they are not lesser children in the house of God, that they are not less important, nor less noble members of the Mystical Body of Christ — but that theirs is as noble a birth as children of God as that of any Catholic, that they are entitled to the same marks of affection, to the same nourishment in the home of their Father, and that their inheritance is to just as exalted an eternal destiny. Asked the price of the soul of a single negro, he points to the cross, and to the Figure hanging thereon; he speaks of the infinite worth of the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ — and insists that beyond that value there is none which

THE LIGUORIAN

might suggest that the soul of the white man is more important in the plans of Almighty God.

One of Father Hudzik's favorite illustrations to bring home this truth is to compare God to a jeweler. He has in His world millions of jewels, all of them enclosed in variously colored cases. But His concern is not for the color, nor the shape, nor the size of the case, but for the beauty of the jewel which lies within.

FATHER HUDZIK has found his people a simple and delightful flock. One day in preaching on the Gospel story of the Widow's Mite, he spoke of the great value the pittance offered in charity by the widow held in the sight of Almighty God. That day there was a noticeable increase of pennies in the collection box, signifying that the congregation had religiously applied the story to themselves. The next Sunday, Father Hudzik remarked that they should not take him too literally in this matter, for if they did, the parish so economically administered already, would come to ruin. This remark drew smiles from his listeners and a contribution from their pockets and purses which made up for the deficit of the previous Sunday.

Father Hudzik has a human alarm clock to wake him up in the morning — and a hard task-master he finds him. There is no turning him off. One morning after a particularly hard week, the priest ignored the first call, and tried to steal a few extra needed winks of sleep. It was useless. He heard those persistent, relentless steps sounding on the stairs and a drawling voice murmuring something to the effect that it was a shame that their pastor was falling by the wayside.

It was the privilege of this writer to see Father Hudzik in one of his many changes of character, — this time as choir-master, — trying to teach a group of earnest negro youngsters the "Stabat Mater." The results were splendid, and the thought came, whether any other crowd of boys of their age would have applied themselves so earnestly and so eagerly to the task of learning Church-music. Their Latin pronunciation was almost flawless, and would have done credit to a group of seminarians.

To the suggestion that perhaps the boom-time of religious awakening among negroes in Atlantic City is over, and that his work will now consist in the attempt to maintain and consolidate his gains, Father Hudzik merely smiles, and says that his work has hardly begun. He

THE LIGUORIAN

likes to say that should God call him today, he would feel that he would have comparatively little to offer Him, considering how vast and how ripe is the harvest, and how little of the fruit, proportionately, has been plucked. He sees his greatest work still lying before him. He has no intention of permitting the rate of conversion to the Faith to slacken in the least. He feels that as his machinery grows more perfect, the results should grow more abundant. New converts will be asked to bring their non-Catholic friends to the lectures. These latter when converted will be told to show their gratitude for God's goodness to them, by bringing others to share in their happiness. In fact, there is no final goal before Father Hudzik's eyes except the inclusion of every single negro in Atlantic City within his parish, and then there are sufficient grounds to suspect that his thoughts would drift off to other fields where the grain is ripe for harvest, but the laborers are few.

TWO points especially stand out in one's mind after a conversation with Father Hudzik. First, his conviction that the fruit he has gathered has been due, even prescinding from God's grace, not so much to his own labors, as to the prayers and sacrifices offered within cloister walls, within the shelter of homes, in Catholic churches for the salvation of immortal souls and for the calling of all the sheep into the one true fold of Christ. The second point is his own expression that he has "merely scratched the surface" of the giant task that lies before him. And the fact that within the first five weeks of the year 1940, fourteen new converts have been received into the Church, convinces one that Father Hudzik knows whereof he speaks.

Paper Facts

Paper was being made in China about 1000 years before Europe learned about it from the Arabs, who had extorted the secret of paper-making from some Chinese prisoners in 751 A.D.

Today it would take a train 4000 miles long to carry the amount of paper produced every year in the United States. The newspapers alone use up almost 5 million tons of paper a year. A single Sunday edition of the New York World requires the usable pulp wood grown on 100 acres of land.

The average American uses about 225 pounds of paper in its various forms every year; this is twice as much meat as he uses, and far more than any other product that comes into the home for personal consumption except milk and water.

MOMENTS AT MASS

THE CREED

F. A. BRUNNER

On Sundays and on some feast days, right after the Gospel or (if there is one) after the sermon, the priest intones the *Credo*, "I believe in one God," and the singing is taken up by the congregation or choir. This is the so-called Nicene Creed, which marks the divide between the Fore-mass and the Mass proper.

Historical Comment

The Creed is a symbol or profession of faith, that is, a short summary of Catholic theology used primarily at the baptismal ceremony. The formula used at Mass is essentially the same as the symbol adopted in 325 by the First Council of Nicaea which, under the leadership of St. Athanasius, fulminated against Arius and his heretical denial of the real divinity of Christ. The council seems to have enlarged upon a much older formula in use at the Church in Jerusalem. Save for some changes later incorporated, it is said, by order of the Council of Constantinople in 381, and a few minor additions, the symbol remains the same as it was when formulated in 325.

The recitation of the symbol at Mass was probably first introduced at Antioch under the Monophysite Patriarch Peter the Fuller in 471, and at Constantinople under the Patriarch Timotheus in 511. The practice spread from the shores of the Bosphorus into Germany and France and Spain, but Rome appears not to have accepted the innovation till the year 1014. Berno of Reichenau, who accompanied the Emperor St. Henry II to Rome on the occasion of his coronation by Pope Benedict VIII, recounts how astonished the ruler was that the Creed was not sung at Mass as he was wont to hear it in Germany. At the saint's request, the Pontiff permitted the introduction of the Credo into the Roman liturgy on certain days of greater solemnity.

Devotional Comment

The Creed is a profession of faith—a renewal of that profession made at Baptism when the priest, in question form, demands a statement of our belief in the doctrines taught by Christ through his church.

The Creed might also be considered a sort of mystic martyrdom, a public "witnessing" and acknowledgment of our willingness to suffer anything rather than deny our belief in the one God and his divinely revealed truth.

G. K. CHESTERTON III

How Chesterton began to make his way out of the maze of the shifting contradictory religious doctrines of his time toward the light of truth.

A. T. ZELLER

WHAT I would like to investigate in these articles is Chesterton's progress into the Church. I have tried to give an idea of his home and childhood to see the earliest well-springs of his thought.

I think the picture we get fully justifies what he said of himself in *The Catholic Church and Conversion*: "I had all the difficulties a heathen would have in becoming a Christian in the fourth century. I have had very few of the difficulties that a Protestant had from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century."

Their gods were household gods — they were meant to bring comfort and ease and at least a moderate success — that is, whatever gods there were. And when you were comfortable, it didn't matter much what others thought of them. But at least they had gods in whom they believed. As he says: "In the purely religious sense, I was brought up among people who were Unitarians and Universalists, but who were well aware that a great many people around them were becoming agnostics or even atheists."

Both dwelt amiably together — for it did not escape his vision — which always seemed to see what was back of the puppet-show — that in one thing they agreed and that even passionately. Both claimed to be emancipated from the creeds and dogmas of the past. And both came to have the same name: "liberal theology or the religion of all reasonable men."

This struck him forcibly. Half of the sensible men (the Unitarians and Universalists) believed in and argued for the Fatherhood of God — and since God was in His heaven all must be right with the world. The other half declared just as strongly that there was no God or that God was no Father. Yet both were in the same camp — they were allies. Against what?

To a man like Chesterton, with his passion for fundamental explanations, this must indeed have been startling. He set out to find the answer — he could not let go of it — no matter how long it might take him.

THE LIGUORIAN

"It has taken me," he wrote, looking on those years, "about two-thirds of my life to find out the answer to that question." But he found the answer.

It led somewhat through these paths. At first he accepted the optimistic Theism, that offered a full and substantial faith in the Fatherhood of God. Even then, however, he could see that it was a sort of optimistic Calvinism. Calvinism held that some men were predestined to heaven and they must reach it; others were predestined to hell and they must reach it — even if human free will go by the board. This Universalist doctrine simply struck out the last clause; it held that all men must ultimately be saved — the free will of man notwithstanding.

But why should such believers agree with those who said there was no God, no salvation, no free will? This brought him into another discovery.

"I assumed," he tells us, "that people were sorted out into solid groups by the dogmas they believed or disbelieved." He supposed that all the people who went to the Theosophist meeting place, went there because they believed in Theosophy; that those who called themselves Theists or frequented their meetings believed in Theism; and that Ethical Societies consisted entirely of people who believed in Ethics without theology or religion of any kind.

Soon, however, he came to see that most of these congregations of semi-secular stamp were just "one vast and vague sea of doubt," who agreed on one thing, that "they did not go to church."

This was thrust upon him by an incident that seemed to crystalize the idea to his mind. One day he was lecturing to a congregation that claimed to be an Ethical Society. On the wall of the meeting place he saw a portrait of Priestley, the great Unitarian of a century ago. One of the members of the congregation told him, in reply to his query, that it was hanging there probably because the place was a Unitarian chapel until recently.

"That is very interesting," said Chesterton. "May I ask whether the whole of your society abandoned Unitarianism all at once and in a body?"

"Well, no," replied the man who belonged to the Ethical Society. "I don't fancy it was anything like that. I think the fact was that our leaders wanted very much to have Dr. Stanton Coit as a preacher, and he wouldn't come unless the thing was simply an Ethical Society."

THE LIGUORIAN

And so it came about that, as a concession to Coit, God Almighty had been dropped out of the whole business. Later that same flock went off to hear Miss Maude Royden, a loyal Anglican "parson," so that to Chesterton it presented this pattern: "They began by believing in the Creation but not the Incarnation. For the sake of Dr. Coit they ceased to believe in the Creation. And for the sake of Miss Royden they agreed to believe in the Creation and the Incarnation."

The truth was, he came to see that these people did not really believe or disbelieve anything; they simply liked to hear stimulating lectures and had a preference for speakers who were supposed to be "independent thinkers."

This had its very serious consequence. As he saw it, it weakened all beliefs they might have. If they believed in altruism, their belief was troubled by the still greater reverence for Darwinism — which implied a ruthless struggle for existence; if they believed in the equality of mankind, they were unsteadied by the supermen Nietzsche and Shaw. The result was, in reality, a veiled skepticism or materialism.

But all combined to condemn and execrate one thing: Faith in revealed truth, especially as held by the Catholic Church.

This led him to examine the Christian Faith.

THE first phase of this reaction, according to his words in *The Catholic Church and Conversion*, "was that of the young philosopher who feels that he ought to be fair to the Church of Rome. He wishes to do it justice; but chiefly because he sees that it suffers injustice. I remember that when I was first on the *Daily News*, the great Liberal organ of the non-conformists, I took the trouble to draw up a list of fifteen falsehoods which I found out by my own knowledge, in a denunciation of Rome by Messrs. Horton and Hocking."

The same attitude can be illustrated from what he says in his *Autobiography* about his meeting Yeats and the Theosophists. "I had no more idea," he explains, "of becoming a Catholic than becoming a cannibal. I imagined that I was merely pointing out that justice should be done even by cannibals. . . . But as a matter of fact . . . it seems to me that something was already working unconsciously to keep me more interested in fallacies about this particular topic than in fallacies about Free Trade or Female Suffrage or the House of Lords."

In 1905 he published his book which he called *Heretics*. While dis-

THE LIGUORIAN

covering the views of Kipling, Shaw and Wells, — views that had considerable vogue and gave expression to the uneasy minds of the multitude — he subjected his own philosophical difficulties to a severe scrutiny in an effort to build a "credo" of life. In it he finally comes to the conclusion that men can understand everything in life only by believing in the very mysteries which they cannot understand. He began to base his philosophy on the "Apostles' Creed."

One of his critics said at the time that he would not bother about his theology until Chesterton had really stated his. Chesterton took this up as a challenge and in 1908 published another book called *Orthodoxy*.

Here he entered what he calls the second stage of conversion — "in which the convert begins to be conscious not only of the falsehood but the truth, and is enormously excited to find that there is far more of it than he could ever have expected. This is not so much a stage as a progress; and it goes on pretty rapidly but often for a long time."

To me it seems that Chesterton had a real flair for realities. One little incident gives the keynote. When Yeats wrote a play entitled *Where there is nothing there is God*, Chesterton defended its good points against the critics. "But," he remarks, "I was all groping and groaning and travailing with an inchoate and half-baked philosophy of my own, which was very nearly the reverse of the remark that where there is nothing there is God. The truth presented itself to me, rather, in the form that where there is anything there is God."

On this he himself later says: "Neither statement is adequate in philosophy, but I should have been annoyed to know how near in some ways was my Anything to the Ever (being) of St. Thomas Aquinas."

That's it. Think anything through, and we come to God. Chesterton did that always.

In *Insurrection versus Resurrection*, Maisie Ward says: "A great event in the history of Christian thought was the appearance of Chesterton's *Orthodoxy* in 1908, and Wilfrid Ward was among those who recognized this fact. . . . Such recognition was by no means universal, for Chesterton's writings did not fit into the established forms or comply with the requirements of the pedants. Before his thoughts had soaked into the contemporary mind, he was received in many quarters as a mere jester in cap and bells."

In fact it was in this sense that the London *Church Times* called him "the far too happy warrior." But Chesterton defends himself, say-

THE LIGUORIAN

ing: "I have never understood why a solid argument is any less solid because you make the illustration as entertaining as you can."

The effect of this book was to divide his life into two parts, as he himself says.

Catholics of the time, like Wilfrid Ward, thought the book ideal, "for it was really a restatement of the Catholic creed in terms understood by the world today. And a significant point is that the Modernists did not for one moment recognize its value because Chesterton did not speak the language of scholarship. He spoke the universal language of man, which is what the genius always finds and the lesser man misses. What a sense Chesterton gave one in youth of a great wind of Catholic truth that blew through the world scattering falsehoods as so much dust."

But Chesterton did not live in this world; he lived in the world of the doubters and agnostics and atheists. Here the book exploded like a heresy against *modern* thought.

"Very nearly everybody, in the ordinary literary and journalistic world," he tells us in his *Autobiography*, "began by taking it for granted that my faith in the Christian creed was a pose or a paradox. The more cynical supposed that it was only a stunt. The more generous and loyal warmly maintained that it was only a joke. It was not until long afterwards that the full horror of the truth burst upon them: the disgraceful truth that I really thought the thing was true. And I have found, as I say, that this represents a real transition or borderline in the life of the apologists. Critics were almost entirely complimentary to what they pleased to call my brilliant paradoxes; until they discovered that I really meant what I said. Since then they have become more combative."

(To be concluded)

Charity

Charity should never look behind, but always ahead because the number of her past deeds is always small, whereas the present and future miseries which she must solace are infinite. Look at the philanthropic associations, all made up of assemblies, reports, accounts, memoirs, so that before being a year in existence, they already possess large volumes of official proceedings. For proud Dame Philanthropy, who loves to admire herself in the glass, good actions are a sort of adornment. But charity is a tender mother with her eyes so fixed on the child she carries at her breast that she thinks of herself no longer, and forgets her beauty for her love.—*Frederic Ozanam*.

Catholic Anecdotes

THE REAL INHERITANCE

WHEN St. Bernard, with his brethren and companions, were on the point of setting out for a Cistercian monastery, there to embrace the religious life, it happened that Guy, the eldest brother, found Nivardus, the youngest of the brothers, playing in the street with some other boys of his own age.

"Nivardus," said Guy, "God be with thee! We go to religion, and leave thee heir of all our goods."

But the child made answer:

"What! do you take heaven for yourselves, and leave me earth? This is not an equal division."

And not many days after he followed his brothers into the religious life.

THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY

THE chronicles of the ages of chivalry are full of delightful stories like the following, in which courtesy certainly appears in an heroic light.

The noble knight Gyron le Courtois and the king Melyadus are engaged in battle, and someone leads a horse, and offers it to Gyron. But the knight immediately presents it to his adversary, with the words:

"Sire, take that horse and mount upon it, and I will take another for myself and mount. You are so good a knight that were I to mount, and leave you here on foot, it would be too great a villainy." When the king heard this he was abashed, and replied:

"Sir knight, do you really offer me this courtesy?"

"Sir knight," answers Gyron, "Certes I say truly, for I ought not to leave a noble king as you are on foot."

"But, sir knight, I think you ought not to offer it to me

THE LIGUORIAN

here, since I am in this place your mortal enemy; and if I were mounted, and found you on foot, do you not suppose that I would seek to revenge the shame to which you have put me at the tournament?"

"Certes," says Gyron, "I believe verily that you are my mortal enemy, as I have lately seen quite clearly; but for all that you mortally hate me, I do not believe that so good a knight as you are would do a villainy to me or to anyone else."

THE FULLNESS OF KNOWLEDGE

AMOTHER once came with her small child for an audience with Pope Pius X. The Pope, whose love for children is so well-known, looked at the youngster fondly, and then said to the mother:

"Bring him back tomorrow, and I will confirm him."

"But, Your Holiness," said the mother, rather startled by this sudden favor, "Is he not too young?"

The Pope placed his hand under the child's chin, and looked into his eyes.

"Do you know what God is, my son?" he asked.

"Yes. God is Love!" was the immediate response.

"You see," said the Pope. "Your child is ready to be confirmed."

SUICIDE FOR HATRED

ST. REMI, who was a Bishop in France in the Middle Ages, foresaw that a year of scarcity was about to ensue, due to the poor crops. He therefore made large provisions of corn so as to be able to feed his people in the time of their distress.

For this he was ridiculed and reviled by some, who made no attempt to discover the Bishop's reasons in so acting, but accused him of cupidity and selfishness. These persons succeeded in collecting and inflaming a mob, which set fire to the granaries in which the corn was stored. By the time the holy man arrived at the spot, the precious grain was all destroyed.

But the Saints do not take vengeance. St. Remi merely approached as near as he could to the fire as if to warm himself, saying as he did so:

"A hearth is always good, especially for an old man."

Pointed Paragraphs

Carry-overs from Lent

There are two reasons why people will be inclined to "let down" in their fervor and their devotion during the month of April.

The first is the release from the rigors of Lent. Fasting and abstaining for forty days and forty nights have taken their toll; rising early each morning to attend Mass has had its day. Now such hardships can be put aside, and the easier ways of living once more assumed.

The second is the weather. With the passing of winter and the coming of spring, the warm breezes from the south will give rise to the ancient disease known as spring fever. Even if a man did have the resolution to continue his Lenten custom of hearing Mass at the beginning of each day, the torpor which encompasses him will shake loose that resolution like an ill-fitting sandal from the foot. He will follow the path of least resistance, and make few sacrifices except those he has to under pain of sin.

A warning, therefore, is in order. There is no such thing as a let-down in the practices of faith. If one does not forge forward, he retrogrades, he loses what he has gained. This is a spiritual maxim almost as old as the Church herself, and our brothers and sisters in religion of long gone years believed it so completely that they rushed off to the deserts in droves lest remaining in the world might weaken their conviction.

It is not necessary for a man with a family to provide for, and a job to maintain, to live like a hermit, to deprive himself of all healthy joy and recreation. A show, a party, an outing — all have their place. But so have the things of faith. Mass and Communion each morning have their place in the life of every Catholic the year around. To make a burden out of it, and to attend to it only during Lent as though it were something terribly hard is to have a very weak understanding of the meaning of true religion.

What is a Man Worth?

If George Washington were living today, we wonder what he would think of his namesake, George Washington Hill.

The facts are these, according to *Newsweek*.

George Washington Hill is president of the American Tobacco Company, one of the chief products of which is Lucky Strike cigarettes.

In the years 1930-32 this gentleman received salary and bonuses aggregating more than \$2,800,000. In the succeeding years we can believe that his remuneration kept on apace. We know that last year he was rewarded to the extent of \$420,300.

Now, it seems, there is a movement afoot to cut down this fabulous sum, not to a smaller number of digits necessarily, but to lower numbers within the same digits. Say, down to one or two hundred thousand a year.

Mr. Hill heard of this monstrous scheme, and commented at once that such a proposal was shortsighted and dangerous, and that if it were adopted, he would consider the action a repudiation of his entire administration as president of the company, and could not with self-respect, continue to hold his position.

Evidently the words "shortsighted" and "dangerous" have found new meanings in big business.

And if Mr. Hill cannot retain his self respect at any salary under \$400,000 a year, his workers must be in a bad way indeed. Not a single one with self-respect!

It is a safe wager to make that an archer could stand on the roof of Mr. Hill's home, and with careless aim send arrows into the scaly and unpainted sides of numerous other homes that house men and women whose yearly income hardly exceeds a thousand dollars. They are the victims of industrial and individual greed and avarice, and of an almost unbelievable selfishness on the part of those who, through no merit of their own, received from their Maker more business acumen than did their brothers and sisters in and out of the flesh. They are allowed to struggle along on bread and water, to speak figuratively — these mouldering men and women, while such men as G. W. Hill collect \$420,000 a year, and even then complain that any lowering of this salary would be an attack on their self respect!

Mr. Hill may build libraries with his surplus salaries. (The only

trouble is, you can't eat books). Or he may bury his wealth in a bank, and become through its influence, one of our country's greats. Certain it is, he can use only a tiny bit of it for his own use and pleasure though he lives to be a hundred.

And then one day he will die, and he won't take a penny with him. The millions that he made will be handed down to others, and will disappear like smoke before a wind.

If thus he acts, that kind of a life may be a useful life. There are some who maintain that it is. Our opinion is that it is a more wasted and futile and empty life than that of the tramp who knows no home except the road, and no food except that which is handed out by housewives at the back-door.

A "Nice" Guide for Children

When will educators learn that on education depends a sickly or a healthy society? Let the education given to the young be false ever so little, and its reflection will be seen in later years in the lives of those who received it.

But a false education does not emerge merely from the teaching of wrong doctrine, or the using of unsound methods. It can come from the employing of foolish and hairbrained teachers. Bertrand Russell is a teacher of this ilk. When he talks about morality, he abandons reason. He has gone on public record, for example, as maintaining that the only time sex relations can possibly be wrong, in marriage or outside of marriage, is when force is involved. And yet a large university in our country is hiring Bertrand Russell to teach truth to the young. What good can come from that, even though the truths taught be only the truths of mathematics? A glib tongue, a sarcastic smile, an unbelieving attitude can undo a lifetime of discipline and training.

If the educators would take a glance at the record, if they would only look up a few statistics (modern educational methods are much attached to statistics) they would see that there is much to be improved in the land in the way of virtue and morality. Our young people, and even our educated young people are not living up to expectation.

Each year produces over 1,500,000 criminals in the U. S., or one

THE LIGUORIAN

out of every 67 people. Of this number over one half are boys and girls under twenty five years of age. About 45 per cent of the prisoners in Sing Sing in one year were boys under 25. In one court in the country 62 per cent of 3,050 prisoners were under 25. But not only are most criminals young people, but young people are committing the most desperate crimes. The age group between 21 and 24 has the highest ratio for murder. Glance at your daily paper and see these figures proved.

Education must take some blame for this sorry state of affairs. One cannot sit under a man like Bertrand Russell and not imbibe some of his unbelief and skepticism. Imbibing it, what is the use of trying to lead a good and virtuous life? To get away with whatever one can becomes the principle of life.

To educate the educators might be a far better work than to educate the young. For the young are simply not being educated.

Advice on a Boomerang

Mrs. Roosevelt is a great advice giver. Many things come under the vision of her keen eyes that one would ordinarily think far removed from the horizon of the busy wife and loving mother. To give but one example, she laid down this cardinal rule for speech making after nineteen years of experience:

“Never make a speech unless you feel you have something really worthwhile to say; then say it, and having said it, stop talking.”

This is, indeed, wise counsel. Were it followed, there would be much less talking in the United States, both in pulpit and on platform.

It may be that many speech makers excuse themselves on the one slip that Mrs. Roosevelt had in her advice. She said — don't talk unless “you feel” you have something to say. The folks who talk so much and never say anything, undoubtedly “feel” that they have something to say. But “feeling” is a very deceptive thing. It would be far better had the first lady of the land said: don't talk unless “you know” you have something to say. Between feeling and knowledge there is a very wide gulf.

And this advice Mrs. Roosevelt herself might very profitably take to heart and put into practice.

LIGUORIANA

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

THE SACRIFICE OF JESUS CHRIST

Prophetic Figures Fulfilled

The Sacrifice of Our Lord was a perfect sacrifice, of which those sacrifices of the Old Law were but

From: signs, imperfect figures, and what the
The Holy Apostle calls *weak and Eucharist needy elements*. The sacrifice offered by Jesus Christ really fulfilled all the conditions mentioned above. The first condition, which is the *sanctification*, or the consecration of the victim, was accomplished in the Incarnation of the Word by God the Father Himself, as is mentioned in the Gospel of St. John: *Whom the Father hath sanctified*. Likewise, when announcing to the Blessed Virgin that she was chosen to be the Mother of the Son of God, the Angel said: *The Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God*. Thus this divine Victim, who was to be sacrificed for the salvation of the world, had already been sanctified by God, when He was born of Mary.

The second condition, or the *oblation*, was also fulfilled at the moment of the Incarnation, when Jesus Christ voluntarily offered Himself to atone for the sins of men. Knowing that divine justice could not be satisfied by all the ancient sacrifices, nor by all the works of men, He offered Himself to atone for all the sins of men, and hence He said to God, *Sacrifices, and oblations, and holocausts for sin, Thou wouldest not . . . Then said I, Behold, I come to do Thy will, O God*. Then the Apostle adds immediately, *In*

which will we are sanctified by the oblation of the body of Jesus Christ once. This last text is remarkable. Sin had rendered all men unworthy of being offered to God and of being accepted by Him, and, therefore, it was necessary that Jesus Christ should offer Himself for us in order to sanctify us by His grace, and to make us worthy of being accepted by God. And this offering which Our Lord then made of Himself did not limit itself to that moment, but it only then began; and it always has continued since, and it will continue forever.

The third condition of the sacrifice — namely, the *immolation* of the victim — was evidently accomplished by the death of Our Lord on the Cross.

There remains for us yet to verify in the Sacrifice of Jesus Christ, the two other conditions requisite to render a sacrifice perfect — that is, the *consumption* of the victim and the *partaking* of it.

It is then asked, what was this consumption of the victim in the Sacrifice of Jesus Christ? For although His body was by death separated from His holy soul, yet it was not consumed, nor destroyed.

This fourth condition was fulfilled by the resurrection of Our Lord; for, then, His adorable body was divested of all that is terrestrial and mortal, and was clothed in divine glory. It is this glory that Jesus Christ asked of His Father before His death: *And now glorify Thou me, O*

THE LIGUORIAN

Father, with Thyself, with the glory which I had, before the world was, with Thee. Our Lord did not ask this glory for His divinity, since He possessed it from all eternity as being the Word equal to the Father; but he asked it for His humanity, and He obtained it at His resurrection, by which He entered in a certain manner into His divine glory.

In speaking of the fifth condition, which is, the *partaking* of the victim, or Communion, this is also fulfilled in heaven, where all the blessed are partakers of the Victim of the Sacrifice that Jesus Christ continues to offer to God while offering Himself.

These two reflections, on the fourth and fifth conditions of sacrifice, are made by an author to explain the two last conditions of the Sacrifice of Jesus Christ; they are wise and ingenious; but for myself I think that the two conditions of which there is question, namely the consumption and communion, are manifestly fulfilled in the Sacrifice of the Altar, which, as has been declared by the Council of Trent, is the same as that of the Cross. In fact, the Sacrifice of the Mass, instituted by Our Lord before His death, is a continuation of the Sacrifice of the Cross. Jesus Christ wished that the price of His blood shed for the salvation of men, should be applied to us by the Sacrifice of the Altar; in which the victim offered is the same, though it is there offered differently from what it is on the Cross.

Jesus Christ has, then, paid the price of our redemption in the Sacrifice of the Cross. But He wishes that the fruit of the ransom given should be applied to us in the Sacrifice of the Altar, being

Himself in both the chief sacrificer, who offers the same victim, namely, His own body and His own blood; — with this difference only, that on the Cross His blood was shed, while it is not shed at the altar. Hence the Roman Catechism teaches that the Sacrifice of the Mass does not serve only to praise God and to thank Him for the gifts that He has granted us, but it is a true propitiatory sacrifice, by which we obtain from the Lord pardon for our sins and the graces of which we stand in need. Because the fruit of the death of Jesus Christ is applied to us by the Sacrifice of the Altar, the Church expresses herself thus in her prayers: "As often as the memory of the Sacrifice of the Cross be celebrated, so often is accomplished our redemption."

"Now, in the Mass we find not only the three essential parts of the Sacrifice of the Cross, — that is, the sanctification and oblation of the victim, as also the immolation, which is here done mystically, the consecration of the body and that of the blood taking place separately, — but we also find the two other parts of the sacrifice; namely, the destruction or consumption, communion or partaking of the victim. The destruction or consumption is accomplished by the natural heat of those who receive the consecrated Host. Communion or partaking of the victim consists in the distribution of the Holy Eucharist to the faithful who approach the altar for this purpose.

In this manner we clearly see realized in the Sacrifice of the Altar the five conditions required in the ancient sacrifices, all of which were signs and figures of the great Sacrifice of Our Lord.

Book Reviews

PASTORAL THEOLOGY

Shepherd of Souls.
The Pastoral Office in the Mystical Body of Christ. By the Rev. Constantine Noppel, S.J. Translated by the Rev. Frederic Eckhoff. Published by Herder. Price, \$2.00.

This book presents a comprehensive survey of the duties of the priest as pastor of souls in a parish, and, to a certain extent, of the pastoral activity of the Holy Father, of the bishop, and of the other ranks of the clergy in order. Moreover it brings out the obligation of the laity to contribute to the upbuilding of the Mystical Body of Christ through the parish. In fact, it is made a fundamental principle of the book, hinted at in the sub-title, that the faithful are not the mere object of pastoral care, but that all, priests and people under bishop and Pope, are "to be active and spiritually alive," each giving in the manner in which he has received as befits members of one body.

The work is divided into two parts: I. The Care of Souls in General, and II. The Care of Souls in Particular. Part I deals with the nature, purpose and personnel of the parish, showing the relation of the pastor to the Holy Father, the bishop, the dean, the assistant priests, and the other priests of the diocese. The main portion of this section is devoted to the duties of the parish priest toward the parish as a unit, its spiritual and material upbuilding, and towards the particular groups of the parish, such as the family, children, societies, etc. Then the relations of the parish as a unit to the diocese, to national conferences, and the universal Church, are explained.

Part II is devoted chiefly to the administration of the Sacraments and the pastoral care to be given to individuals. A special chapter is devoted to the pastor's relation to the "separated brethren."

Throughout this excellent work, the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ is kept to the fore. "Every member of the parish, the least cell in the organism" has a vital significance and each has a compensating duty to labor for the upbuilding of the Body of Christ. It is the

Books reviewed here may be ordered through *The Liguorian*. These comments represent the honest opinion of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.

pastor's duty to know each soul, therefore, not only as an individual, but also in its relationship to the others and in its ability to contribute to the whole structure. This naturally leads to great emphasis on Catholic Action and lay leadership, but it also gives a new and fresh approach to all pastoral problems. That the practical has not been neglected is evidenced by the detailed suggestions given in part I for parochial financing.

A few terms used by the author bear clarification, but these are minor mars on an otherwise valuable book. The translation is smooth; the index is thorough; and the idealistic, ascetical spirit of the style will give the book the value of a retreat to the busy pastor.—L. P. T.

CHURCH HISTORY

The Catholic Church in Louisiana. By Roger Baudier. Published by Louisiana Catholic History Publishers, New Orleans, La. Illustrated. Pages 603 & Index. Price: de luxe edition, \$10.00; library binding, \$5.00.

A work such as this must be the work of devotion for the author must realize that few will have the courage even to read through the mass of information and data that he must gather and present in order to tell his story.

Roger Baudier, Associate Editor of *Catholic Action of the South*, began this work at the instigation of Archbishop Shaw in July of 1932. Appalled by the difficulties of the task, others had shrunk from undertaking it. "I will need your blessing to carry me through," he replied to the Archbishop. This blessing was his sustaining inspiration. Six years were spent in the task of gathering, collating, and editing his findings. *The Catholic Church in Louisiana* tells for the first time the whole and complete story of the Catholic Church from the earliest missionary attempts down to the present time.

It may be permitted to add a few notes here that seem to have been overlooked by the author. Three different times the Redemptorist Fathers attempted to establish a school for Negro children; and three times the building was

THE LIGUORIAN

destroyed by fire. As early as 1875 Fr. Faivre, C.Ss.R., established a society for colored children which was called, I believe, *Beneficial Society of the Children of Our Lady of Perpetual Help*. The *Good Samaritan Sodality*, for colored, lasted well into the present century. Neither is there, apparently, any mention made of the chapel and haven organized for sailors and for a time under the care of the same religious priests. This work has since been discontinued.—M. S. B.

From a Far Country. The Conversion Story of a Campaigner for Christ. By Theodore H. Dorsey. Published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. Pages 261. Price: paper, 40 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

If ever a man could be said to have had a checkered career, that man is the author of this interesting autobiography. Born of a prosperous family just before the turn of the century, Mr. Dorsey was just old enough when the war came to serve in the A.E.F., and was actually in France and on his way to the front when peace was declared. After a short attempt to finish his education interrupted by the war, he left college and set out to see the world on a ship bound for Shanghai. In Manila he fell in with an American boxing trainer, who made a headliner pugilist out of him for a short time, until a severe eye injury made him return to the States. He arrived there "broke," and after a period of odd-jobbing around the country, suddenly found his religious footing at a religious house party sponsored by some wealthy supporters of the "Oxford Group." Immediately he began his career as a religious evangelist. From Groupism he found his way into Episcopalianism, and thence, after a period of thought and hesitation, into the true home of the spirit—the Roman Catholic Church. All this is told in the first half of the book; the latter half (which we found rather less interesting) deals with Mr. Dorsey's experiences as a Catholic evangelist, carrying the message of Christ to the man on the street. For a time he worked with David Goldstein (of whom he speaks with the greatest admiration and affection); for the last three years he has been working by himself throughout the western states.

The work of Mr. Dorsey and Mr.

Goldstein certainly merits the attention of earnest Catholics, too many of whom, it is to be feared, are like the woman described by the author who indignantly denied that a Catholic could possibly be allowed to preach on street corners.

—L. G. M.

COMMUNISM

Freedom Under God. By Fulton J. Sheen. Published by Bruce, Milwaukee. Pages 262. Price, \$2.25.

Although Communism has gone into temporary eclipse in this country (and indeed in many other countries) due to the totally unjustifiable Russian attack on Finland, this latest contribution of Msgr. Sheen to the offensive against the Communist philosophy is very timely and very valuable. For the danger is, as Msgr. Sheen has pointed out in another connection, that we condemn Communism merely because of some particular policy or mode of action which it adopts (as in its attack on Finland); which means that we would support Communism if its policy at the moment were to fall in line with our sympathies (as, for instance, if Russia were to aid Finland against a German attack).

The fact is that Communism is bad because its intrinsic nature is bad; and Msgr. Sheen demonstrates this simply by comparing the concept of liberty in the Communist and in the Christian scheme of life. A man's freedom is his highest natural privilege, and a state must be judged according to the way this privilege is safeguarded on the one side, and prevented from working harm to the community on the other. The evil of Communism is that it deliberately kills freedom. Msgr. Sheen, after a luminous definition and explanation of freedom, shows how necessary it is in the various fields of human activity, and demonstrates quite conclusively that it is in religion and the teachings of religion that freedom finds its real safeguards.

Much of the matter of this book has reached Msgr. Sheen's millions of radio listeners over the air. Here they will find his ideas enlarged and developed, and will be able to study at their leisure his simple and yet profound analyses. The book is a choice of the Catholic Book Club, and certainly deserves a host of readers.—
L. G. M.



The Russian Soviet has not given up its campaign to create atheists out of all its children. The London *Tablet* tells of how the removal of the crucifix from a class-room is made a dramatic lesson in godlessness. The crucifix is hung on the wall and the teacher asks the children: "What is that thing hanging over there?" The children reply: "The crucifix." "And what is it there for?" "To make us pray." "And what are you praying for?" "For grace." "Very well, then, pray for cakes." The children thereupon kneel down and pray. After a minute the teacher says: "You see, the cakes have not come." "That shows that the crucifix is of no use and cannot make miracles. Let us try another way." Then the symbol of faith is removed and replaced by a portrait of Stalin. "Now, children," says the teacher, "kneel down and ask Stalin for cakes." The children obey, the door opens, and a servant enters with a tray covered with cakes. The miracle is performed and the crucifix discredited. In spite of it all, however, the report is that progress toward "total" atheism is not rapid. In Russia, if any place, the old distinction between a practical atheist and a convinced atheist holds, as in the case of the girl who, in an examination for a position, feared she might have answered incorrectly the question: "What is the inscription on the Sarmian wall?" She wrote down: "Religion is the opium of the people." After the examination she walked seven miles from Leningrad to the Sarmian wall to make sure. She found her answer had been correct, and falling on her knees, made the Sign of the Cross and said: "Thank God!"



It is extremely difficult to be patient with obstreperous blockers of movements towards social justice when one reads the surveys that are being made with regard to family incomes. The United States Bureau of Labor Statistics recently published the results of an analysis of New England family incomes during the years 1935-1936, just when business was supposed to be picking up. Between one-third and one-half of all the families surveyed had a total family income of less than \$1,000 a year, and between 60 and 75 per cent received less than \$1,500 a year. To us nothing seems more essentially pertinent than to ask politicians who are looking for office just what they intend to do about so tragic a situation. Oh, yes, we have heard and read a great many speeches from candidates for the fall elections already. They all promise a magical restoration of prosperity, but we have not, to date, heard any of them say just how they will make it possible for half the families in the United States to procure sufficient income to live better than paupers. And many of them pin their faith on telling the people that all the social legislation of the past decade is vicious and immoral: that if they arrive at their coveted goal, they will set the country back where it was before anybody got an idea that a family cannot live on \$1,000 a year.

THE LIGUORIAN

Speaking of politics, we have never been able to reconcile ourselves without a slight shudder to that element in our American system that seems to demand that aspirants to office go about telling the populace how great they are, how wise, how perfectly fitted to do everything in a perfect manner, how incapable of making a mistake. From a fairly wide experience with human nature we have formed an almost unshakable conviction that wise and great men are humble men. They are men who leave it to others to draw out their capabilities. They seldom use the word "I" even when directing some great plan or reform. We cannot believe that politicians are an exception, and as soon as we hear one orating "I'll do this and I'll do that," "I've done this and I've done that," "I'm a better man than so-and-so and so-and-so," we experience a sinking feeling in the pit of the stomach. Personally, we would not trust such braggarts with any private task we wanted done badly. And certainly the history of almost all our political offices reveals that the efficiency of public servants after election declines in proportion to the braggadocio on which they climbed into office. What the major political parties should do is to nominate committees to comb the country for wise, intelligent, humble candidates, and then, leaving them to do the work at which they are found, campaign to put them into public office. We would feel a lot better voting for a man who never once said: "I'm the best man for the office," than for any of the ear-splitting proclaimers of their own excellence.



How the humble work, has been illustrated lately when the facts in the life of Mother Ursula Ledochowska, who died recently, came to light. She was the sister of the present General of the Jesuits in Rome, and of the late Countess Maria Ledochowska, foundress of the Society of St. Peter Claver for helping the missions in Africa. Mother Ursula was forced to leave the Ursuline convent of which she has been superior in Russia at the outbreak of the war in 1914. Not permitted to return to Russia nor to go to her native land, Poland, she took refuge in the Scandinavian countries, supporting herself as a linguist (she knew eleven languages). After the war she was still prevented from going to her convent in Russia, so she went to Poland, arriving there penniless, some friends helped her and a few others to buy a farm, on which she inaugurated what was to become the congregation of the Ursulines of the Sacred Heart in Agony. The nuns tilled the soil themselves, using the produce to feed the abject poor who abounded in Poland after the war. Soon they were opening orphanages, and, needing money for their growing charities, added horse-breeding to their means of income. Sisters were trained in veterinary work and as grooms, and their horses brought good prices. Before long the Sisters were extending their work to Warsaw where they founded Homes of Charity for poor people whom they had found living in stables. Wherever they went the Sisters themselves built or made over their convents, and in each place took up some trade to provide income for their work. Little of all this was known outside the immediate locality of her work before Mother Ledochowska died, but now she is called a national heroine of Poland. She was a frail little woman who said little and did much, and lived to the age of 74 when many predicted that she would not pass 50. Such are the persons who do great things, and you will never find such lacking in humility.

L u c i d I n t e r v a l s

"Name?" queried the immigration official.

"Sneeze," replied the Chinese proudly.

The official looked hard at him. "Is that your Chinese name?" he asked.

"No. Melican name," said the Oriental blandly.

"Then let's have your native name."

"Ah Choo."

*

Rastus: "Sambo, does yo' all know why dere am such an affinity 'tween a colored man and a chicken?"

Sambo: "Must be because one am descended from Ham an' de odder from eggs."

*

An old man heard about a treatment that would restore his youth. The medicine was a certain extract made up in pills. He bought a box. But instead of taking one every day, he swallowed the whole boxful one night before going to bed.

Next morning the family had great difficulty in waking the old man. At last he rolled over and rubbed his eyes.

"All right, all right," he grumbled. "I'll get up. But I won't go to school!"

*

Among the first to enter was Mrs. Clara ——, of Erie, Pa., lone woman passenger. Slowly her nose was turned around to face in a southwesterly direction, and away from the hangar doors. Then, like some strange beast, she crawled along the grass.

*

She (answering phone): Hello. Nellie speaking; who is this?

He: Ludwig, sweetheart.

She: Who? I can't understand you.

He: Ludwig—L for Larry, U for Ulrich, D for Dick, W for William, I for Isador, G for George.

She: But, dearest, just which of the six are you?

*

At the end of the fifth round the heavyweight staggered to his corner in a dazed and battered condition.

His manager approached him and whispered in his ear: "Say, Joe, I've got a great idea! Next time he hits you, hit him back!"

A stock broker received a call from a lawyer. Following are the greetings which took place.

Lawyer: Good morning, good morning. Are you Smith and Son?

Broker: Yes.

Lawyer: I'm Clutterbuck, Spilkin, Peterbury and Ravensworth.

Broker: Oh! Good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning!

*

Mistress: Oh, Mary, how did you break that vase?

Maid: I'm very sorry, mum; I was accidentally dusting.

*

Sambo: I gits up earlier at home than any man in dis heah town.

Rastus: Yoh words don't mean nothin', niggah. I gits up every mawning at one o'clock. What time does yuh git up?

Sambo: If'n I told yuh, yuh wouldn't understand. They don't have no time in dis here town as early as whut I gits up.

*

Mrs. Senger at the telephone: "Oh, Frank, do come home. I've mixed the plugs in some way. The radio is covered with frost and the ice box is singing 'Way Out West in Kansas.'

*

Lady (to chauffeur): Clarence.

Chauffeur: Yes, madam.

Lady: I am not accustomed to call my chauffeurs by their first names, Clarence. What is your surname?

Chauffeur: Darling, madam.

Lady: Drive on, Clarence.

*

"Black boy, how did you get all that soot on your coat?"

"That ain't soot, Carbona, that's dandruff."

*

A farmer bought a large mantel clock, one of the kind that strikes the hours and half hours.

One night he was awakened by the striking of the clock. Something had gone wrong with the mechanism, and the chime, instead of stopping with the usual 12, kept right on sounding. The farmer counted the strokes, and got up to 102. Then he awakened his wife:

"Mary, get up! It's later than I've ever known it to be before!"

A PARABLE

Once upon a time a young man faced life and did not know what to do. To marry he was not eager; for buying and selling he had little inclination; for prayer and the things of God he felt strong desires. He could not and did not aspire to the priesthood, and so was much harassed over wondering what to do.

One day a thought came to him and he said to himself : "I know what I shall do. I shall offer my services to others who, marked with the seal of Holy Orders and consecrated by vows to God, are serving and saving souls. I will give them my strength, my devotion and my life, in exchange for an opportunity to kneel betimes at their side and pray."

So he became the first lay-brother, consecrating himself by vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, dedicating his manhood to the material needs of those who stood at the altar and ascended into pulpits and sat in dark tribunals where sinners came to be healed. He was the first lay-brother, and in humble service and daily prayer he became a saint.

This is a tribute to the many lay-brothers who found greatness and happiness in the lowly tasks that endeared them to Christ, the Son of toil. It is also a suggestion to others who look on life stretching out before them and know not what to do. Perhaps we have an answer to the questions of their heart.

Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

NEWLY PREVIEWED

It's a Date

Oh, Johnny How You Can Love

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

Abe Lincoln in Illinois	Granny Get Your Gun	Northwest Passage
Allegheny Uprising	Great Victor Herbert, The	Oh, Johnny, Oh
Bad Little Angel	Gulliver's Travels	Opened by Mistake
Beware Spooks	Half a Sinner	Our Neighbors—The Carters
Blondie Brings Up Baby	Henry Goes to Arizona	Outpost of the Mounties
Blondie on a Budget	Heroes of the Saddle	Overland Mail
Blue Bird, The	Hidden Enemy	Parole Fixer
Bulldog Drummond's Secret Police	Hidden Gold	Pinocchio
British Intelligence	High School	Pioneer Days
Brother Rat and a Baby	House of the Seven Gables, The	Pioneers of the Frontier
Bullets Code	Inspector Hornleigh on Holiday	Pride of the Blue Grass
Bullets for Rustlers	Invisible Man Returns	Rhythm of the Rio Grande
Calling Philo Vance	Ireland's Border Line	Roll, Wagons, Roll
Charlie Chan in Panama	Irish Luck	Rovin' Tumbleweeds
Charlie McCarthy, Detective	Isle of Destiny	Sabotage
Cheyenne Kid, The	Jumpers Creepers	Sage of Death Valley
Children of the Wild	Judge Hardy and Son	Sagebrush Family Trails West,
Covered Trailer	Knights of the Range	The
Cowboys from Texas	Laugh It Off	Saint's Double Trouble
Danger Flight	Law of the Pampas	Santa Fe Marshal
Danger on Wheels	Legion of the Lawless	Showdown, The
Days of Jesse James	Life of Mother Cabrini	Shooting High
Day the Bookies Wept, The	Light of Western Stars	South of the Border
Death Goes North	Lion Has Wings, The	Special Inspector
Dress Parade	Little Miss Molly	Stranger from Texas
Emergency Squad	Little Old New York	Sued for Libel
Enemy Agent	Little Orvie	Swanee River
Escape to Paradise	Llamo Kid	Swiss Family Robinson
Everything Happens at Night	Mad Empes, The	Texas Renegades
Everything's on Ice	Ma, He's Making Eyes at Me	That's Right, You're Wrong
Fighting 69th	Main Street Lawyer	Too Busy to Work
First Love	Man from Arizona	Two Fisted Rangers
Five Little Peppers and How They Grew	Marines Fly High	Two Thoroughbreds
Five Little Peppers at Home	Marshal of Mesa City	20,000 Men a Year
Flying Deuces	Meet Dr. Christian	Village Barn Dance
Gertrude	Mill on the Floss, The	Westbound Stage
Ghost Comes Home, The	Money to Burn	West of Carson City
Goodbye, Mr. Chips, The	Music in My Heart	Young as You Feel
	Nick Carter, Master Detective	Young Tom Edison
		Zanzibar